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POETRY.

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SONNETS FROM THE SWEDISH OF
STAGNELIUS.

[The most eminent sonneteer whom Sweden has produced is Erik Johan Stagnelius, who was almost precisely a contemporary of Shelley, and slightly resembled him in temperament. He was born in 1793 in a parsonage on the island of Oland, his father becoming, in the son's childhood, Bishop of Kalmar. The poet had a brilliant if somewhat eccentric career at the University of Lund. He wrote early, and soon surpassed all that had written Swedish verse before him. He enjoyed a great success in various departments of lyrical and dramatic literature, and though he was melancholy and capricious, and of a delicate constitution, his death at the age of twenty-nine, in the beginning of 1823, was a surprise to every one. He was found dead, but how he died remains a complete mystery. The fame of Stagnelius is eclipsed, in his own country, only by that of Tegnér, and his sonnets, though exceedingly mystical and often obscure, are certainly the most original in the language. As no English version of them has ever been printed, I have attempted to translate the following examples, at the request of my friend Mr. S. Waddington.]

LUNA.

DEEP slumber hung o'er sea and hill and plain;
With pale pink cheek fresh from her watery caves
Slow rose the moon out of the midnight waves,
Like Venus out of ocean born again.
Olympian blazed she on the dark blue main;
"So shall, ye gods," — hark how my weak hope raves! —
"My happy star ascend the sea that laves
Its shores with grief, and silence all my pain!"
With that there sighed a wandering midnight breeze
High up among the topmost tufted trees,
And o'er the moon's face blew a veil of cloud;
And in the breeze my genius spake, and said,
"While thy heart stirred, thy glimmering hope has fled,
And like the moon lies muffled in a shroud."

MEMORY.

O CAMP of flowers, with poplars girdled round,
The guardians of life's soft and purple bud!
O silver spring, beside whose brimming flood
My dreaming childhood its Elysium found!
O happy hours with love and fancy crowned,
Whose horn of plenty flatteringly subdued
My heart into a trance, whence, with a rude
And horrid blast, fate came my soul to hound:
Who was the goddess who empowered you all
Thus to bewitch me? Out of wasting snow
And lily-leaves her headdress should be made!
Weep, my poor lute! nor on Astræa cali.
She will not smile, nor I, who mourn below,
Till I, a shade in heaven, clasp her, a shade.

ETERNITY.

UP through the ruins of my earthly dreams
I catch the stars of immortality;
What store of joy can lurk in heaven for me?
What other hope feed those celestial gleams?
Can there be other grapes whose nectar streams
For me, whom earth's vine fails? Oh! can it be
That this most hopeless heart again may see
A forehead garlanded, an eye that beams?
Alas! 'tis childhood's dream that vanisheth!
The heaven-born soul that feigns it can return
And end in peace this hopeless strife with fate!
There is no backward step; 'tis only death
Can still these cores of wasting fire that burn,
Can break the chain, the captive liberate.
Athenæum. EDMUND GOSSE.

GOETHE. — SONNET XIII.

ON the last day, when rings the trumpet dread,
When earth and all its creatures are no more,
Then must we duly reckon up the score
Of all the idle words that we have said.
Oh, how shall then the many words bestead,
That every day from deep affection's store
To win thy grace right eagerly I pour,
If on thine ear they perish, ill-besped?
Look well, beloved, look into thine heart,
Think well upon thy dallying and delay,
That the world know no more such anguished smart.
If babblings vain, in which thou hast a part,
Must all be stated and explained away —
Why, I shall need a year-long judgment-day.
C.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

"How cold upon my passion blows the wind,
Over the old sweet fields — so sweet that I
Could wander more, yet for all memory
Not sweet enough. Beloved, ah! have I sinned,
That all but these dumb fields looks so unkind
And I, without e'en one familiar face,
Must see the darkness in the sunny place,
And set my feet here, wandering still in mind?"

Then glancing up, if heaven might look sweet
Upon his sorrow, one bright star he spied.
But, as he gazed, his hungry eyes grew dim,
And the star seemed so many worlds from him.
Heart-sick, he turned; and in the pool beside
Lo! the same star was shining at his feet.

Macmillan's Magazine.

From The Asiatic Quarterly Review.
NATIVE INDIA.

PRINCES AND PEOPLE.

BY SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN.

ON the 1st of January, 1877, the plains of Delhi were witness to one of the most strange and splendid pageants that the world has ever seen. The occasion was the assumption by the queen of England of the title of empress of India. Eighteen years had gone by since the weighty orb and sceptre of the East passed from the great Company which had so long ruled unchallenged in the name of England into the strong hands of the sovereign alone competent for so great a trust. She had now summoned the feudatory princes and chiefs to meet her viceroy in solemn *durbār*, and hear from him the announcement which ratified her direct assumption of sovereignty. On these famous plains many royal and imperial gatherings had, in ancient days, been called together. Fifteen centuries before Christ, the Rajput chiefs had built on the banks of the Jumna their capital of Indraprastha, with its fifty-two gates; and on this very spot were held the solemn assemblages of princes and heroes, Rajasayas and Aswamedhas, of which the pictures are still bright and fresh in the Indian epics, the Mahabharata and the Ramayana. Here, in a newer city, Afghan kings and Mogul emperors held their court; and hither Akbar, Shahjehan, and Aurangzeb, called their feudal chiefs and great nobles from distant provinces together. But at no time in the historic or even mythical ages of India had so representative and illustrious a band of princes assembled as that which, on the 1st of January, 1877, joyfully and freely acknowledged the suzerainty of Queen Victoria, Kaiser-i-Hind. Tradition declares that all the rajas of India attended the great Aswamedha more than two thousand years before, to celebrate by the sacrifice of a horse the victory of the Pandavas after a battle near Delhi of eighteen days' duration, in which, as at Lake Regillus, the gods fought hand to hand with men, and gave the victory to their chosen. But the India of the Mahabharata was not the India of to-day. The land was then covered

with dense forests, the home of fierce, wild beasts, and as fierce aboriginal tribes; while the Aryan race, the future rulers of the world, held their own with difficulty in the open country of the Jumna and the Ganges. But in answer to the summons of the queen, a far wider and larger India hastened to make submission. From the distant Srinagar, in the far north, behind the first high wall of snow which shuts in the fortress of India, came the maharaja of Kashmir, with his tents of priceless shawl-work borne aloft on poles of silver, and accompanying him were many Rajput rajas from the Himalayan valleys. From the south came the boy maharaja of Mysore, an ancient house restored by the generosity of England. Every princely name recalled a page of history. The nizām of Hyderabad, first among the queen's Indian subjects, represented more directly than any other prince the old Mogul empire, though his ancestors were but lieutenants of the emperors of Delhi; the great houses of Baroda, Gwalior, and Indore, brought back to memory the long struggle for supremacy between the Mahrattas and the English; the Sikh princes of the Punjab, ever our staunch friends; the proud maharajas of Rajputana, Oodeypore, Jodhpore, and Jaipur, tracing back their ancestry to the sun,—these, and a thousand more, of every Indian race and caste and creed, chiefs of ancient lineage mingled with the descendants of successful freebooters; Brahmans, Rajputs, Sikhs, Muhammadans, all had come willingly to acknowledge their fealty to the queen of England.

There were some English critics of the imperial assemblage who were out of sympathy with the spectacle, and held it unbecoming the sober sense of the English government, which professed to base its rule on the strong foundations of justice, order, and good faith, to strut abroad in tinsel and velvet, to masquerade in strange Oriental garments, and to add to the honored and constitutional name of queen a new title whose associations were of rapine, conquest, and blood. To plain, unimaginative Englishmen, there was certainly some incongruity in the display;

but it was nevertheless thoroughly in harmony with Eastern sentiment, and, as an appeal to the imagination of the Oriental world, was a bold and successful measure of great political significance and importance. That it was un-English was its merit; that it was not without some melodramatic flavor was inseparable from the effort of stiff English actors to assume easy Indian costumes and manners. It was alike the most successful and the most characteristic of the measures of the Oriental statesman who was then guiding the fortunes of England.

In those days my official duties were such that a considerable portion of the burthen of arrangements fell to my share. I was impressed by the grave earnestness with which the assemblage was regarded by the ruling chiefs. The programme of ceremonial observances, of visits, of precedence and entertainments, was discussed with a serious and even a stern fixity of purpose, and in exhaustive detail. The concentrated attention bestowed on the viceroy's return visits would have supplied the administration of many States with sufficient motive power to have carried it along for an entire year. But the burthen of ceremonial pressed on the princes too heavily for happiness. Only in one camp did I find unrestrained jollity. This was where the wild khan of Khelat and his freebooting chiefs, contemptuous of Indian etiquette, laughed with all their white teeth as they counted the value of the jewels on the necks of maharajas, whom they would have liked to interview for half an hour across the border, and devoured as a dainty luxury the cakes of Pears' soap which they had not been able to associate with the newly discovered art of washing.

Such incongruity as necessarily belonged to the imperial assemblage was not to be found in the *durbars*, or entertainments, in which Oriental sentiment and prejudice were honored with all wise consideration. It was at the united review of the British army and the contingents of the native States that the sharp contrast between the East and West became almost painfully striking. There is, to Englishmen, an irresistible charm in

the march past of a British army. To follow military manœuvres over mountain and plain, a storm-tossed and unconsidered unit, is a foolish diversion, unfruitful of good. No civilian can realize the object of such manœuvres, and he is possessed of a secret conviction that the generals directing are equally in the dark. At a march past, hypercritical thoughts such as these are at rest. The eye follows with a patriotic satisfaction the steady, irresistible advance of the scarlet-coated legions which, on a thousand battle-fields in Europe and Asia, have upheld the honor of the national flag. The remembrance of our infrequent defeats is overwhelmed and drowned in the thought of the glorious record of victory from Crecy and Agincourt, Blenheim and Waterloo, to Alma and Inkermann, Sobraon and Delhi. Nor, in India, does the spectacle of native troops, Sikhs, Hindustanis, and Gurkhas, marching with British troops, seem inharmonious. They, like Englishmen, are freemen, citizens of the common country, brother subjects of the same queen; they have gallantly won their place of honor by hard fighting under the British flag, and have shared our dangers and our victories. Without their well-disciplined and stalwart ranks, the army would be incomplete as a microcosm of the empire.

After the British army, English and Indian, had marched past, the contingents of the native princes went by. It was as if a page had been torn from the *Ramayana* or the "Arabian Nights." In wild, undisciplined array, in coats of mail and in garments of every color and fashion, with swords and shields and spears, matchlocks and bows and arrows, barbaric music and all the pomp and circumstance of mediæval war, the picturesque warriors of central India and Rajputana swept by. Never before had Englishmen, whose lives had been spent in the unlovely monotony of British India, and who knew not the India of the rajas, witnessed a sight like this. They watched, with uncertain eyes, the strange spectacle; like the Roman youth of whom Florilegus writes, who, in Christian days, had unconsciously betrothed himself to a marble

Venus, and who was commanded by the magician Palumbus to stand at midnight where four cross-roads met, to undo the spell. There standing, he saw pass the mysterious procession of the dead pagan gods: Minerva and Apollo and the king of Olympus himself; Silenus on his ass, and the ivy-crowned Bacchus with his pards; and, lastly, his beautiful betrothed, who, by the order of Saturn, unwillingly restored his ring.

It is not, however, at an imperial assemblage that the splendor or propriety of the ceremonial of native India could best be seen. It is necessary for this to visit the princes in their own homes, where the local color is harmonious, and where no constraint with nineteenth-century civilization makes even splendid barbarism grotesque.

A *peshwai* is the Indian name for the formal and official reception offered by a ruling chief to a distinguished visitor. He is bound to meet the viceroy on the borders of his dominions; but this rule is ordinarily relaxed, seeing that railways have made life and travelling too swift for the slow processes of the old imperial ceremonial. Other visitors whom the chief desires to honor, are met at some determined spot, generally about a mile or so from the capital of the State.

In central India and Rajputana there are many States, such as Jodhpore, Oodeypore, Jaipur, Bhopal, Uricha, Rewah, Dattia, and Pannah, where the *peshwai* is a most picturesque and striking spectacle, arranged with much skill and taste. The powerful and illustrious Mahratta States of Gwalior and Indore do not make much show on these occasions. They pride themselves on the simplicity of their surroundings, and treasure the remembrance of the days when their home was a tent, and their heritage what their wild horsemen could seize and hold. Soldiers of fortune, sprung from the people, they were too proud to copy the magnificence of the maharajas who traced back their descent to the sun. Not that the wish to glorify success by an illustrious pedigree is unknown to the princes of India. I know more than one great prince descended from honest peasants, who fees highly the

Brahmans who form the Indian Heralds' College, to provide for him a dignified ancestry. To this the Brahmans are in no way averse. Like the priests of other creeds, money is the key which opens the gates of hell or heaven; and a prince who pays highly enough, and who is content to wait sufficiently long to avoid conspicuous scandal, may reasonably hope to find himself related to some of the lesser deities of the Indian Olympus. Blue mantle and king of arms could do no more for an English *parvenu*.

But let us return for a moment to the *peshwai*, such as I have seen a hundred times in central India. In the early morning, beneath the grateful shade of a mango grove, the maharaja, seated on a gold-embroidered carpet and surrounded by his favorite servants and courtiers, waits the arrival of his visitors. We have probably ridden ten or fifteen miles to the trysting-place, where our elephants, sober and sad of aspect compared with their glorified fellows of the maharaja's train, await us with a resigned indifference. Some five hundred yards apart the two processions are formed; the maharaja climbs his elephant; we likewise mount, and, followed by the cavalry and infantry of the escort and scarlet lictors, we advance to meet his splendid procession. Since the first gleam of daybreak the whole town had been astir, and had poured out its thousands in their cleanest garments to witness the reception. Every man who could carry a musket was under arms; and the road for miles was lined with what nervous writers in England might call an army. As the chief advances, surrounded by his own relatives and courtiers on elephants, bands of music, the most discordant and ear-piercing, proclaim the event. The two processions advance slowly, halt, wheel, and, exchanging such salutations with the chief as the uproar allows to be heard, our elephants, side by side, lead the multitudinous assemblage back to the city and the palace. At this moment the sight is one to be remembered, and only to be seen in the India of the rajas. The elephants brightly painted in strange colors, their sides covered with plates of armor, as in the old

battles of the Pandavas; camels with swivel-guns mounted on the pommels of their saddles; a cloud of attendants in mauve, blue, saffron, and crimson, as if the operas of "Aïda" and "Lohengrin" had lent the maharaja their multicolored supernumeraries; lines of horsemen in chain or plate armor, and the motley host carrying every strange description of weapon known to mediæval museums. The infantry line the road with matchlocks at an impossible "present," and draped in unaccustomed trousers; while behind stand, open-mouthed, the wondering crowd of white-robed, scarlet-turbaned citizens. High above all, on an elephant, is borne the maharaja's ancient and ancestral flag; and beside it, on a second elephant, streams the still more splendid banner presented to the maharaja at the imperial assemblage. And so, in a wild tumult of strange noises, the discordant crash of native music mingling with the hardly distinguishable notes of "God save the Queen," we reach our quiet tents; salutations are again exchanged; the maharaja and his hosts disappear in a dusty glory of gold and crimson, the sound of the tabor and the pipe grows faint, and there is again peace.

Such is the pageant, often renewed with varying splendor but always free from any dissolving touch of Western civilization. Even the troopers of the Central India Horse, whose precise dress, seat, and discipline are unknown to native armies, blend harmoniously with the scene. The Delhi banner alone, should the eye rest upon it, recalls another India, vast, strong, and prosaic — the India of the English — which drags behind it the India of the rajas, like a golden fringe on a homespun robe.

The banners presented to the chiefs at Delhi were the occasion of some merriment at the time, and certainly from a zoological point of view, they are remarkable enough. All the animals that entered the ark, and some which never found shelter there, are represented in every impossible attitude, and the emblazoned arms of some chiefs contain a sufficient number of strange beasts to start a menagerie. Before me, as I write, lies the letter of a ruling prince, who appears to be so proud of his newly created coat of arms that he has caused it to be impressed in gold, not only on his letter paper, but enfaced and endorsed on his envelope. The conventional representation of the sun with a human face is at the top of the

shield; below this is the head of a tiger of sinister expression, and below the tiger, an antediluvian and long-legged crocodile. To the left of these is a dog, and below him a horse; while to the right is a fish doing its best to swim into the sun, and below the fish is the inevitable elephant. The crest is a peacock with tail outspread, and two lions or leopards are the supporters. Nine animals are thus included in this effort of heraldic genius. I well remember the preparation of these coats of arms by an ingenious member of the Civil Service, whose competitive studies had not included heraldry, and whom the work of devising suitable emblems reduced to a state bordering on frenzy. I received from him numerous letters begging for suggestions as to the animals suitable for enlistment in the armorial bearings of the several States; but I had never regarded Indian history from a zoological standpoint, and was of little assistance. Eventually the wild beasts were distributed with liberality, if not with discrimination. The rajas view them respectfully, much as we regard the mythical monsters of Mr. Gould, but on the whole are well satisfied with their banners, which are imposing both in size and ornament, and which are assigned a place of honor in every local durbar. They are accepted as an outward and visible sign of their dependence on the British government, a connection which they have no wish to evade or deny, for they know well that their existence depends upon its favor and good faith. Nor have they any tradition of independent existence which should induce them to regard with impatience the supremacy of a central and paramount power.

The relations between the British government and the ruling princes are extremely complicated, and the treaties and engagements which express them leave much to be understood. These documents are naturally of the most various character, influenced by the circumstances of the times in which they were drawn, when the power of the contracting States differed much from the status of to-day, when the supremacy of England is acknowledged throughout the peninsula. All, however, insist upon certain well-understood conditions, such as loyalty to the supreme government; the obligation to render active aid in time of war; just administration; the maintenance of all engagements made by the government guaranteeing the rights of subordinate

chiefs; the free passage of British troops, and the unimpeded construction of imperial lines of road and railway. Subject to limitations such as these, the chiefs are allowed practical independence within their several territories. English laws, regulations, and financial expedients, do not affect them; and it is only maladministration of a gross and notorious kind that brings down on the more important princes the direct interference of the government of India. A host of smaller chiefs, many of whom own estates which an English country gentleman would consider moderate, are necessarily treated in more direct fashion. Public order must be preserved; the people must not be oppressed; and the chiefs are reminded of their duties with the utmost frankness, and required to act up to them.

The due amount of interference with native States is a difficult question to decide, and cannot be determined by considerations affecting the prince and the government alone. He, indeed, is often the least important factor in the matter. Anxious as the government is to uphold in their full integrity all engagements into which it may have entered; however truly it may disclaim a desire to annex native territory and enlist its rulers on the side of order, it cannot be forgotten that one-third of the area of India, and one-fifth of its population, is still under the direct control of indigenous princes. Native India covers more than six hundred thousand square miles, with a population not much short of sixty millions. This vast population, double that of England and Wales, looks to the British government as its refuge against oppression. The ruling houses are for the most part strangers to the people, and have obtained their territories by conquest during the anarchy of the last century and the first quarter of the present. They hold their possessions, as their subjects know well, on condition of just and orderly administration. If they abuse their trust, if the peasants are crushed and trade harassed by exactions, the popular odium falls on the British rulers, who are supposed to lie beside their nectar, like the Epicurean gods, careless of mankind.

They smile, they find a music centred in a
doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient
tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning though the words
are strong;

Chanted from an ill-used race of men that
cleave the soil,
Sow the seed and reap the harvest with en-
during toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat and wine
and oil;
Till they perish . . .

Opposed to the truth as such a belief would be, it will readily be understood that it would be distinctly to the loss of the government that the oppressed subjects of any native State should erroneously imagine that such divine indifference possessed the ruling powers of the Indian Olympus.

I have elsewhere and at other times, perhaps too persistently, endeavored to demonstrate to the English public that their appreciation of British rule in the East must not be influenced by the partial statements of interested advocates; and that the more closely the working of the Indian administration was regarded, the more freely it would be admitted by candid men that so long, and so far, as it can be secluded from those degrading party influences which are rendering government in England impossible, there is no administration in the world which works more consistently and more successfully for the benefit of the country and the people than the government of India. *Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice*. The proofs of its action are on every side, too conspicuous to be destroyed by hostile criticism, however malicious.

Such being the case, it is the more essential that the Indian government should supervise and examine the affairs of native States somewhat more closely than was, in old unprogressive days, the fashion; that it should, with a wise discrimination, honor and reward the just ruler, and that it should visit the tyrant with unmistakable marks of displeasure. The cruel, sensual prince, whose life is spent in one long round of low debauchery; who considers his subjects as slaves, and every rupee which he can squeeze out of them through his harsh tax-gatherers as his private income, to be squandered on selfish pleasure and indulgence; who outrages the honor of men and the chastity of women with an equally contemptuous indifference, — rulers of this class, of whom there are too many in India, should be peremptorily taught that, in the light of freedom and civilization, and under the imperial banner of the queen, there is no place for them. The old order changeth, yielding place to the new; the ages bring

not back the mastodon. India is alive and awake. In spite of the intense conservatism of its society, which I described in my last article on "Native India," there is throughout the continent a mysterious stir in the dry bones of barbarism, which have lain so long unheeded in the valley of the shadow of death. The influence of England, directly through schools and colleges, and indirectly, but no less surely, by mechanical and scientific appliances, ships, railways, telegraphs, and the machinery of the industrial arts, is already transfusing and quickening the inert Indian mass. A free press has commenced to interpret the thoughts and wishes of the educated part of the community, and although at present it may be crude, venal, and uninstructed, the time will probably arrive when, purged of its grosser attributes and confined within the limits of decency and truth by the good sense of society, it will become a power for good. In the new India which is to be, the sensual despots whom I have described will be as out of place as would be the monsters of antediluvian ages in the Leicestershire pastures. They must either reform their ways or cease to exist. The standard which the government requires them to reach is not a high one. It makes no vain requisition for regular procedure and precise financial systems. It merely insists, or should insist, that the people shall be governed with reasonable justice, even if in patriarchal fashion, and that they shall not be crushed by taxation heavier than they can bear. If the government demanded less than this of feudatory princes, it would be unworthy of its position as paramount power in India. The curse on those who oppress the poor is an ancient one, but it has lost none of its force, and falls with equal weight on the tyrant and on those who wilfully shut their eyes and stay their hand when they have the right and the power to protect. Another consideration which should always be present to the government is that its tenure of power, which wisdom may make eternal, depends on the people, and not on the princes. The people are the strength and the force and the wealth and the heart and the brain of India, and in days of storm and danger it is on their esteem and gratitude that the English government must, as a last resource, rely.

I would in no way disparage the loyal and excellent service rendered by the princes of India to the British government on critical occasions, and the loyal exam-

ples given in 1857 by the Sikh rajahs of Patiala, Nabha, Jhind, and Kapurthalla, who were of inestimable service in deciding the Sikh people and Punjabis generally to throw in their lot with the British government. But in those days the Punjab had been annexed only eight years. The winds had, it is true, ceased to blow, but the sea was still heaving from the storm. The warriors of the Khálsa had sullenly returned to their villages, conquered indeed, but not disgraced, and had buried their swords and matchlocks until the advent of a more auspicious time. When 1857 came they furbished up their arms, and looked north and south for a sign. They had learned to respect, and in many cases to love, their English rulers, but they were spoiling for a fight, and it little mattered with whom. At this moment — and their names should be remembered by Englishmen through all time and held in lasting honor — Maharaja Narindar Singh of Patiala, Raja Sarup Singh of Jhind, Raja Bharpur Singh of Nabha, and Raja Randhir Singh of Kapurthalla, sprang to arms; they assembled their troops, placed the whole of the resources of their States at the orders of the government, and marched in person to Delhi to fight against the enemies of the queen. The Sikh nation saw and accepted the sign, and northern India, where the power of England had been all but shattered, was reconquered, as much by the staunchness and loyalty of the Punjab soldiers as by the gallantry of Englishmen. In similar circumstances the rajahs of the Punjab would do as much again, and there is no more honorable, loyal, and enlightened group of princes in India than those who, between the Sutlej and the Beas, help to guard for England the imperial highway of Hindustan. But a change has come over the Punjab since 1857. The Sikhs of the Mánjha and Málwa, who fought at Aliwál, Sobráon, Chilianwalla, and Gujerat, have passed away. Their bodies are dust and their swords rust, and their sons know only by tradition how the banner of England and that of the Khálsa doubtfully rose and fell on those eventful days. The people are rich and content. They have unfortunately lost to some extent their military tastes — for wealth and soft living do not encourage the rough virtues of the field — but they still form the flower of the Indian army. They are now bound to the government by all ties of service, gratitude, and habit, and when called upon to resist

any danger to the empire, will not look to any chief of their own class and creed to teach them their duty.

British India is so vast, its population so numerous, and its interests so varied and conflicting, that the government might be excused if it were unable to give a sufficiently minute and beneficent attention to the condition of the subject classes in native States. But there is no part of the general population of Hindustan which will more amply repay a kindly sympathy. As I have before said, I believe that there is no class of the people who are more sincerely attached by the strong bonds of hope and fear to the British government, than is the cultivating population of native States. They see, with eyes which want and hunger and sorrow have made preternaturally keen, that the difference between British and native administration is often a very real one, and they announce in no ambiguous voice which they prefer.

It has sometimes been my duty to arrange an inevitable transfer of British villages with a native State, and I cannot but think that, if those who deny the merits of British rule were to hear the comments of the villagers on this transaction, and their pathetic protests against being removed from British protection, they would speedily change their minds. But if the apologist of the Anglo-Indian administration happens to be, like myself, an official, his defence is, by a hypercritical and unwisely suspicious public, believed to be prejudiced. I would recommend Englishmen in England, who desire an unprejudiced statement of the impression which the administration of India has left on the mind of a highly accomplished and disinterested man of the world, to read the book recently published, entitled "Through the British Empire," by Baron von Hübner, late Austrian ambassador at Paris and Rome. Although diplomatists who pass their lives in courts might be supposed better to understand the sentiments of princes and ministers than the simple ways of country people, yet the rarefied air in which they live, their habit of constant observation, and the refined and intellectual society with which they mix, give to such observers a peculiarly cosmopolitan and unprejudiced vision, and their criticisms on the results of foreign administration have a very high and special value. One passage from this delightful book I may be justified in quoting:—

Materially speaking, India has never been as prosperous as she is now. The appearance of the natives, for the most part well clothed, and of their villages and well-furnished cottages, and of their well-cultivated fields, seems to prove this. In their bearing there is nothing servile; in their behavior towards their English masters there is a certain freedom of manner and a general air of self-respect, nothing of that abject deference which strikes and shocks new-comers in other Eastern countries. I have no means of comparing the natives of to-day with the natives of former generations, but I have been able to compare the populations who owe direct allegiance to the Empress with the subjects of the feudatory princes. For example, when you cross the frontier of Hyderabad, the climate, the soil, the race, are the same as those you have just quitted, but the difference between the two States is remarkable, and altogether to the advantage of the Presidency of Madras or of Bombay.

The relations of the civil and military officers with the people leave nothing to be desired. If proof were needed to show how deeply rooted among the populations is English prestige, I would quote the fact that throughout the peninsula the native prefers, in civil and still more in criminal cases, to be tried by an English judge. It would be impossible, I think, to render a more flattering testimony to British rule.

The British India of our days presents a spectacle which is unique and without a parallel in the history of the world. What do we see? Instead of periodical, if not permanent wars, profound peace firmly established throughout the whole Empire; instead of the exactions of chiefs always greedy for gold, and not shrinking from any act of cruelty to extort it, moderate taxes, much lower than those imposed by the feudatory princes; arbitrary rule replaced by even-handed justice; the tribunals, once proverbially corrupt, filled by upright judges whose example is already beginning to make its influence felt on native morality and notions of right; no more Pindarris, no more armed bands of thieves; perfect security in the cities as well as in the country districts, and on all the roads; the former bloodthirsty manners and customs now softened, and save for certain restrictions imposed in the interests of public morality, a scrupulous regard for religious worship and traditional usages and customs; materially, an unexampled bound of prosperity, and even the disastrous effects of the periodical famine, which afflict certain parts of the peninsula, more and more diminished by the extension of railways which facilitate the work of relief. And what has wrought all these miracles? The wisdom and the courage of a few directing statesmen, the bravery and the discipline of an army composed of a small number of Englishmen and a large number of natives led by heroes; and, lastly, and I will venture to say principally, the devotion, the intelligence, the courage, the perseverance,

and the skill, combined with an integrity proof against all temptation, of a handful of officials and magistrates who govern and administer the Indian Empire.

Testimony such as this is not unusual from cultivated foreigners who visit India, but it has been rarely expressed with greater force or by one whose words are entitled to higher consideration.

A few days ago, a Brahman of high rank, decorated by the government from whose service he has lately retired, called upon me to discuss my article on "Native India," which he had carefully read. The first remark that he made was, that he noticed that, speaking of the cultivating classes in central India, I had observed that "the right of the oppressed to resist, is generally in abeyance." "This right," he said, "is only in abeyance because ye make it so. It is in abeyance because the people fear, not the native princes, but the British government, which stands behind them and protects them, and which the people know they cannot resist." The words of the pandit were, no doubt, true; and it is this consideration which makes it incumbent upon the British government to repress tyranny in native States with a determined hand, for it has, by its protection of the native princes, taken from the people the power of resistance, and has made itself morally responsible for good government. The same day, a Mahratta gentleman, of high office in a native State, was calling upon me, and I begged his opinion of the unfriendly and hostile attitude of so large a portion of the vernacular press towards the English government. I asked him why they were so much fonder of abusing the English administration than that of native princes. He replied that it was merely a question of impunity. The editor is not often supplied with information even of the grossest tyranny committed in a native State, for the reason that every educated native official is closely watched, and does not dare to correspond with the press. Any criticism of the action of the durbar would signify his instant ruin. "I was speaking," said my visitor, "to some of my newspaper friends in Bombay on this subject, and said that if they had any doubt of the difference of freedom in British territory and in a native State, they had better set up their press at —, when they would find that it would be confiscated in a week, and themselves in jail."

Any remarks that I can make in this review on the shortcomings of Indian princes, must necessarily be general in

their character. It would be an offence against propriety, and opposed to official etiquette, for an officer in the political service to criticise unfavorably the conduct and administration of any chief with whom he may happen to be officially connected.

It is a far more grateful task to show that the cloud has a silver lining; that, while there are many ruling princes careless of their responsibilities and neglectful of their people, there are still many, under happier conditions, who have realized what no country in Europe, except England, had learned before the eighteenth century, that the prince is created for the people and not the people for the prince; who, so far as their lights inform them, endeavor honestly to do their duty by their subjects. If chiefs of this class are still rare, I believe that they are constantly increasing in numbers. Day by day, year by year, the government painfully, anxiously, honestly labors to influence its young chiefs for good; but the seed too often falls on stony ground or among thorns. The hereditary and transmitted qualities of Indian princes are too imperious in their impulse; uncounted generations of debauchery and self-indulgence leave but poor soil in which to plant the ascetic virtues of chastity, truth, and self-sacrifice. To their growth, the gross and material surroundings of a native court are hostile. The eternal contest between pleasure and duty, between virtue and vice, which the old poets and painters ever loved to describe or depict, is here a campaign as easy as that of Tel-el-Kebir. Pleasure triumphs without a struggle. The young prince, surrounded by fiddlers and parasites and courtesans, cannot hear the voice of duty for the rhythmical music of the bangles of the women and the fantastic tingle of the Indian lute calling him to love and wine. Many of those who read this paper know, or have seen, the end. The melancholy shores of the Indian administration are strewn with the rotting hulks of our educational failures.

I cannot but think that the government, rightly anxious to abstain from undue interference with the feudatory chiefs, might still more directly than at present encourage political virtue and rebuke administrative vice. In a country in which ceremonial takes so high a place, and personal distinction is ordinarily of far greater importance, in the eyes of the princes, than learning, merit, or virtue, the crown, as the fountain of honor, rep-

resented in India by the viceroy, has in its hands an instrument of great power for good. Although, during the past few years, there have been founded the Order of the Star of India, the Order of the Indian Empire, and the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, there is yet room for an Order of Merit somewhat similar to that now granted to the native army. The knight grand commandership of the Star of India, which is the only decoration granted to the more important Indian princes, resembles the Garter in that it is a mere recognition of rank, and is altogether unconnected with merit. It would be unbecoming to criticise this provision; and it is, no doubt, right, that in India there should be some distinction granted by the crown confirming, as it were, in the eyes of all men, high and hereditary dignity. But it seems, nevertheless, desirable that the paramount power should recognize merit as well as birth, and while the Star of India is rightly granted to maharajas who possess extensive territories, but who may have never performed any service to the British government, and whose characters and abilities are in no degree exceptional, an Order of Merit might well be founded and confined to those among the chiefs who have won the affection of their people, and the respect of the imperial government, by wise and enlightened administration. I believe that no more powerful stimulus of good government could be given, than the institution of such an order.

Let us now turn from the unpleasing task of criticising bad rulers for faults which are less their own than the results of the circumstances which surround them, and the conditions under which they have been trained, to look at several distinct types of good rulers, of whom there are fortunately many to be found in central India and elsewhere.

The illustration of the first type that I would take is Raja Ranjit Singh of Rutlam. This chief is the representative of an increasing class who have been carefully trained by the government, and have received a complete English education. The raja, who is a young man of some twenty-five years of age, is a Rahtor Rajput of ancient family, connected by descent with the great Jodhpur house in Rajputana. He rules over a small State of seven hundred and twenty-nine square miles, with a population of eighty-seven thousand, and a revenue of £130,000. He was educated at the Indore College with several other young gentlemen of

princely rank like his own, and is an accomplished English scholar. Not only has he acquired a fair knowledge of the English language, but he has assimilated much of what was best in his English studies. Simple and temperate in his habits, he has devoted himself to the welfare of his people and his domestic duties. He is the husband of but one wife, and his ideas on the position and treatment of women differ very little from our own.

Polygamy is the curse of India, as it is of all other countries in which it is acknowledged by law; and the husband of one wife is, in India, as elsewhere, far higher in the scale of civilization, and far more likely to prove an honorable and reputable person in the other relations of life, than a polygamist who is still in the bonds of barbarism. Until India has abandoned the degrading practice of polygamy; until she has consented to redraw her social code on the lines of the civilized communities of the West, and treat bigamy and polygamy as penal offences, her people cannot reasonably expect to be received on equal terms amongst more advanced societies. The progress of India, and its future position in the world, chiefly depend upon the solution of the woman question and the restoration of the female sex to an honorable and equal place with men.

The revenue of Rutlam is enormous, when compared with its population, if the average income of British districts be considered, where taxation is generally extremely low. But the Rutlam population appears contented and prosperous; and the soil being particularly suited to the cultivation of opium, a large part of the revenue is due to the cultivation of this valuable drug, for which £4 or £5 an acre is not an unusual rental.

The raja has appointed as his minister a young gentleman well known at Oxford, Mr. Shyamji Krishnavarma, a graduate of Balliol, who was for some time associated with Sir Monier Williams, the Boden professor of Sanscrit, in his professorial duties. Although as yet inexperienced in administrative work, he will no doubt in time justify the laudable action of the raja in admitting to the highest office in his service a gentleman of the best English training. The chief does not, however, leave the work of his State to any minister, but himself superintends public works, hears petitions, and decides appeals. It is pleasant to drive with him through his well-built and well-ordered capital, and witness the cordiality of the

reception which he invariably meets. The affection with which he is regarded by his people is evidently sincere. The raja of Rutlam is one of those ruling princes who have most profited by English training and example. He remains a strict and pious Hindu, careful to observe all the ceremonial of his religion. English education has consequently not had upon him the disquieting effect that it produces in many men, overturning their beliefs and throwing them out of sympathy with their fellow-countrymen.

Among other English educated princes, who represent in their rule the direct effects of English training and influence, may be mentioned the raja of Nahun and the raja of Maihar. The former is a Rajput chief of ancient descent, whose territories lie on the lower slopes of the Himalayan ranges, where the sacred Jumna debouches into the plain. He is the head of all the Rajput chiefs of the Punjab, and although his power and territory are much less than in the days when his forefathers claimed equality with Patiala, yet he is still a considerable and influential prince. A competent English scholar, interested in all questions of politics or science, the raja is an excellent specimen of the best class of Indian rulers. He personally superintends all departments of his State, and is the friend and father of his people. With great public spirit, he has, for many years past, been attempting, through many discouragements and considerable pecuniary loss, successfully to develop the mineral resources of his State. His iron mines, from the excellence of the ore, would be very valuable were they situated in the neighborhood of coal. The great difficulty of procuring fuel, now that the woods in the neighborhood of the iron mines have been mostly cut down, will probably prevent a remunerative return from this interesting experiment; but the raja is to be congratulated on the unusual perseverance and energy with which he has conducted his mining operations. Everything in Nahun bears signs of the personal supervision of the master. The army, though small, is excellently turned out, and won the high honor of forming part of the Punjab contingent sent in 1879 on active service to the Afghan frontier.

Another chief, who has assimilated and made profitable use of his English education, is Raja Raghuraj Singh of Maihar, who rules a petty State, the capital of which is on the East Indian Railway, some one hundred and thirty miles below

Allahabad. Complaints from Maihar are exceedingly few. The people are quiet and content, and crime is of rare occurrence. The raja, who has sent his sons to the Agra College, the place of his own education, is a thoroughly well-educated man, and well-versed in European politics, which he is fond of discussing. Chiefs like Nahun, Rutlam, and Maihar, represent the educational successes which we may fairly place to our credit against the educational failures of which I have spoken. They are the ships which, after a prosperous voyage, have escaped the perils of storm and wreck, and have safely arrived in port.

As a representative of altogether a different type, I would select Maharaja Pertab Singh of Tehri, or Urcha, from its former name and capital. Although his lineage is as distinguished as that of Raja Ranjit Singh of Rutlam, yet he had the incalculable advantage of not being born in the purple. His predecessor having died without issue, he was saved from those demoralizing influences which so prejudicially affect the heir of a native State. He inherited the chiefship of Tehri, a young man of mature age, healthy in body and mind, the husband of one wife; unlearned in Western science and ignorant of English, but with a fair education according to the standard of learning among Rajput country gentlemen. Possessed of good sense and warmly attached to the British government, a wise and kind landlord, a good horseman, and an enthusiastic sportsman, Maharaja Pertab Singh is an excellent specimen of a well-bred Rajput prince. A visit to his State, where he receives English visitors with a cordial hospitality, is exceedingly interesting. His ancestors once ruled all Bundelkhand; but first the Muhammadan emperors, and then the Mahrattas, the locusts of India, seized the greater part of the principality, leaving only a fragment of the ancient possessions to come beneath our protection, eighty years ago. The old capital, deserted, and given over to snakes and bats, still makes a brave appearance on the banks of the Betwa, seven miles from Jhansi. High above the rank, fever-haunted jungle rise the massive battlements of the great fortress of Raja Bir Singh Deo, the most famous of the Urcha kings; the mausoleums of princes of the house, and the great temple of Mahádeo, where still, day by day in the silent forest, prayers are said and incense burned by the attendant priests. The city, so the story goes, was

cursed by a *fakir*, in whose hut a deer, pursued by the raja, had taken refuge, and the life of which he refused to spare. Then everything went wrong with Urcha; the firstborn died, enemies harried the borders of the State, and after vainly striving, by many propitiatory sacrifices, to remove the curse, a descendant of Bir Singh Deo abandoned the ill-omened city for Tehri, or Tikamgarh, some forty miles to the south, which has now become a flourishing town, commanded by the imposing palace and fort of the chief. Here we were received, on my last visit, with all cordiality and honor, and remained for three days, inspecting all places of interest. The maharaja took us round his public offices and law courts, where the records of civil, criminal, and revenue cases were arranged with an order which would have done credit to a British district. He also showed us, with legitimate pride, the school, a handsome building in the principal square, with separate apartments for boys and girls, and there could be no more touching and gracious sight than the Tehri girls' school, where some five-and-twenty sweet little maidens, decorously dressed in mauve and white, read to us in Hindi as fluently as their young future masters. This was, I believe, at the time of my visit, the only girls' school in Bundelkhand, and the maharaja patiently overcame much active and passive opposition before he obtained success. For these children were not the waifs and strays of the gutter, but daughters of Brahmans and Buniads, of gentle birth and breeding. Let us hope that the maharaja's generous example in female education may be followed — an example worthy of his chivalrous race and name, for the destiny of Indian women is woven for them by the fates in sad and sober colors, and their gentle spirits are shut in a very narrow prison-house. I have since seen, in Chattarpur, schools both for Hindu and Muhammadan girls, in which the young raja takes great interest, and two or three States are following the good example.

There is no scheme for the improvement and development of his State which the maharaja does not support and approve. He has constructed and maintained metalled roads at considerable cost, and he gave every encouragement to the construction of that branch of the Indian Midland Railway which, turning to the north-east from Jhansi, protects the districts south of the Jumna against famine, and has granted the Company all the land that they require free of cost. He is now preparing to

drain and improve the old capital of Urcha, which, in spite of the curse, might become a flourishing town, situated, as it is, close to Jhansi, which, lately ceded to the government by Maharaja Sindhia, will be ere long one of the commercial centres of India.

Maharaja Pertab Singh is not wealthy, and his revenue is indeed less than that of the raja of Rutlam, although the population of his State is four times as large. There is no opium land to fill his treasury, and the Bundelkhand plains suffer periodically from drought; but, whether poor or rich, chiefs such as he, warm friends of the British government, from whom they have received nothing but good, and with whom they have never been in collision, are an enormous strength to English rule. In times of difficulty Pertab Singh would unhesitatingly throw in his lot with the British government, and as the head of an illustrious house, closely connected with the principal chiefs of Bundelkhand, his example would be followed by his kinsmen in other Rajput States.

For a second example of a raja who has enjoyed the inestimable advantage of not being born to the throne, I would select Raja Hira Singh, of Nabha, one of the more important Sikh principalities. The succession to this State became vacant under distressing circumstances some fourteen years ago; the young chief, Bhagwan Singh, left no male heir, and had adopted no successor, which, under the terms of his *sanad* with the government, he was entitled to do. Under agreements made by the British government with the Phulkian chiefs of Patiala, Jhind, and Nabha, the choice of a successor was in such circumstances left to the ruling princes of the two other houses and the British government. I was deputed to represent the government, and, in communication with the maharaja of Patiala and the raja of Jhind, select from among the members of the family a suitable successor. All the adult male members of the great Phulkian houses were accordingly assembled at Nabha. Many of them were fine and intelligent men, who would have done credit to our choice; but, after prolonged discussion lasting over two days, our unanimous vote was given to Sirdar Hira Singh, of Badrukhan, a small country gentleman, who was separated by many generations of collateral descent from the deceased chief. Claim there was none, and Hira Singh was chosen, partly from his character and reputation, partly from the reason that

led the Jews to select Saul as their leader. Our choice was approved by the government, and all those who are intimately acquainted with Punjab politics will readily admit that among the princes in political subordination to that government, there is no more liberal, loyal, or intelligent ruler than the Sikh gentleman who, with no possessions beyond his sword and his horse, was summoned from an obscure village to the throne of Nabha. No chief is more loved by his people; no one is more ready to listen to a complaint or redress a grievance, while his active personal supervision extends over every department. At the camp of exercise at Delhi, when the representatives of European powers were summoned to the recent manœuvres of the Indian army, the contingent furnished by the raja of Nabha attracted special attention for its soldier-like appearance and discipline. Indeed, the general commanding the division of the army to which the Nabha contingent was attached informed me that in some duties, as skirmishing and scouting, it was as efficient as our best native regiments. Raja Hira Singh is not an English scholar; nor do the Sikhs, who recognize that their strength is rather as rulers and soldiers than as magistrates and clerks, care much for book learning, whether of the East or West; but he is thoroughly competent in all affairs of practical life, and his people are fortunately unable to criticise his lack of scientific knowledge.

The last type of ruler of which I would make brief mention is that of an hereditary chief whose position is assured, and whose generous and gentle nature has been able to repel the evil influences which incline an Indian prince to self-indulgence and tyranny. There are fortunately many such, who, with kindly, careless hand, rule their people in simple patriarchal fashion. Their judicial processes, their jails, their institutions, would not bear much serious scrutiny; yet the rude cultivators are treated with kindness, and can always obtain a personal hearing from their chief. In central India examples of this class are found in the raja of the little State of Kothi, who, knowing nothing of administration, and not pretending to meddle in State affairs, has had the good sense to leave his business in the hands of a shrewd and honest minister. As a second instance, may be named the Muhammadan nawab of Kurwai, whose ancestors have for some generations been settled in central India, on the banks of the Betwa, where they built an

imposing fortress. The nawab, in recognition of his just conduct, has lately received the honor of a salute of nine guns from the viceroy.

A near neighbor of Kurwai is the raja of Narsinghgarh. This young man, of high Rajput descent, has determined to see the world for himself, acquire the English language, and not return until he has learnt something of the art of government as understood in England. Whether the modern practice of government as seen in the English Parliament will assist the raja in the management of a simple race who have not yet realized the idea of home rule, is doubtful; but the experiment is one worthy of all honor, and the young chief has shown the greatest resolution in carrying out his project in the face of the strongest opposition from family and friends. He is now starting on his two years' travels, leaving his State in the charge of an official whom I have selected at his request.

I have, in these illustrations, dwelt on the brighter side of native India. I would not wish Englishmen to think that, from Dan to Beersheba, all is barren; that there are no redeeming points in native administration, and that every Indian prince, in these days of advancing enlightenment, is an anachronism who must in time disappear, seeing that it is impossible for him to change his modes of life and rule. Such is by no means the case. As I have shown, there are princes of various types; some penetrated with what is good in English education, and carrying it into effect in their administration; some, less highly educated from the Western standpoint, but still wise and capable rulers, learning from English systems the best of what they can teach, and rejecting our cumbrous procedure, our extravagant law costs, and unnecessary and unsympathetic legislation; while a third class, careless and uneducated, still carry on the semblance of an honest administration among a people so rude and simple as to require for their satisfaction only the most elementary principles of government.

There has, I believe, been a vast improvement in the character of native rule since thirty years ago. Mr. Needham Cust, one of the most accomplished men who have ever entered the Civil Service, painted an Indian raja in a masterly sketch, lately reproduced in his "Pictures of Indian Life." There is still, and over large areas of native India, much room for improvement; but there are signs of the

dawn of a better day, and its advent may be hastened by the action of the government, and especially of the crown as the fountain of honor, acknowledging, by coveted distinctions, those chiefs who have been conspicuous for righteous administration, and withholding from the mean and the base all part and share in imperial honors.

An article on the princes of India would not be complete without some allusion to those women of illustrious family who have at various times taken a part in the administration of India and helped to form its history.

The only ruling princess at the present time is her Highness the Shah Jehan, begam of Bhopal. This lady, of much loyalty and intelligence, governed her State during the early part of her reign with marked ability. She was unfortunately persuaded, contrary to the honorable tradition of her house, to retire into the strict seclusion enjoined by ordinary Muhammadan custom. Behind the *purdah*, and holding no face to face communication with people or ministers, she could not prevent the administration of Bhopal falling into incompetent and interested hands, with results which have been the subject of much recent discussion in the Indian press. It is a matter of satisfaction that the begam has wisely determined to remedy the serious evils which have been brought to her notice, and of which she was, from her secluded position, necessarily ignorant. She has conferred constitutional government on her people, and has appointed an English minister to carry out the reforms to which she has freely agreed.

It is a remarkable thing that India, in the public life of which women fill so subordinate a place, and where they are ordinarily married so early as to negative the possibility of perfect physical, moral, or mental development, should yet, from time to time, have produced female rulers of conspicuous ability. It will, however, I think, be found that these have mostly belonged to Muhammadan, Sikh, or Mahratta houses, among whom girls are allowed more liberty and marry later in life. The readers of Ferishta will remember the rani Durga Batti of Garrah, who, to save the estates of her infant son from the rapacity of the emperor Akbar, called her people to arms and fought an unsuccessful battle with Asaf Khan, the imperial lieutenant. Scorning to fly, and preferring death to the loss of power and freedom, she killed herself on the field of battle.

The famous nouse of Sikh Patiala has more than one heroine of this mettle. Bibi Sahib Kour, when the Punjab was invaded by the Mahratta chief Anta Rao, in 1794, took her place at the head of the army of her brother, who was far her inferior in courage and capacity, and engaged the enemy. The Sikhs were beginning to give way, when this heroic lady sprang from her carriage, and, sword in hand, declared that the Sikhs would be forever disgraced if they allowed her, a woman and the sister of their chief, to be slain, for she was determined never to retreat. This gallantry so shamed and encouraged the Sikhs that they returned with renewed fury to the fight, which they maintained, though with considerable loss, till night-fall, neither side being able to claim the victory. The Sikh leaders desired to retreat, but the lady refused, and proposed and carried out a night attack on the Mahratta camp which was successful in compelling their retreat.

In similar fashion, the Sikandar begam of Bhopal, mother of the present reigning princess, led her troops in person on more than one occasion, and proved as wise and determined a ruler as she was courageous in the field. Rani Auskour of Patiala was one of the most sagacious and successful rulers that Patiala has ever known.

Another lady of the Patiala house is described in "The Rajas of the Punjab," in the following terms:—

Rani Rajendr was one of the most remarkable women of her age. She possessed all the virtues which men pretend are their own, courage, perseverance, and sagacity, without any of the weaknesses which men attribute to women; and remembering her history and that of Rani Sahib Kour and Aus Kour, who, some years later, conducted with so much ability the affairs of the Patiala State, it would almost appear that the Phulkian chiefs excluded, by direct enactment, all women from any share of power, from the suspicion that they were able to use it far more wisely than themselves.

In central India, and especially in Malwa, the name and reputation of the rani Ahalya Bai, widow of Kande Rao Holkar, is great and enduring. This distinguished lady ruled the Indore State from 1765 to 1795, and no prince of any tribe or family has left behind a reputation for more commanding ability, disinterested love for her people, piety, and public spirit, than Ahalya Bai. The munificence of her charity is to be seen in every famous place of pilgrimage, from Benares and Jagurnath to Dwarkaji on the Indian

Ocean. But her devotion in no way allowed her to forget the sober duties of office. The time in which she lived was one of the most troubled through which India has ever passed. Yet, with anarchy surrounding her, and unscrupulous, freebooting chiefs hungry for her wealth and dominions, the conduct of this princess was so strong and wise, that the Indore State through the thirty years of her rule remained untroubled by storms, and chiefs and people still recall her name with sincere affection and respect.

Instances of female capacity in ranis Auskour, Rajendr, and Sahib Kour, Ahalya Bai, and Sikandar Begam, go some way to prove that government by women may be exceptionally good. At the same time, it cannot be denied that in India and the East generally, the rigid seclusion of the harem and the zenana constitutes a stronger justification for a Salic law than can be found in the West. Most of the celebrated women whom I have mentioned disdained and disregarded the restrictions of the purdah, and commanded their troops or decided cases in open court, unveiled.

Of all the customs of foreign importation which have influenced the social life of India, that which has wrought most evil and brought most degradation in its train is that of the seclusion of the women. In ancient Hindu days there was the utmost freedom between the sexes, and the influence of women was naturally great, and had the most beneficial and purifying effect on society. Maids and matrons assisted in public ceremonial, and crowned the victors in the tournaments; while girls of adult age were allowed to choose their future husbands in a public assembly, by free selection from among their declared admirers. Sanscrit poems and dramas are full of instances of the freedom of intercourse between men and women, and the honorable consideration with which the latter were treated. The story of Nala and Damayanti, of the beautiful Sakuntala, of Draupadi, wife of the Pandavas, are full of a pure and chivalrous spirit which is unfortunately all but extinct in modern India, where women no longer take their rightful place as the equals and, in many characteristics, the superiors of men. It was Muhammadanism that brought this blight on Hindu life. Brahmanism is a polygamous creed, though it would be a mistake to suppose that Hindu practice is other than monogamous. Rajas, Kulin Brahmans, and the like, are doubtless accustomed to take

several or many wives, but educated and cultured Hindus do not regard the practice with any favor, and, poor and rich, are ordinarily contented with one wife, unless she bears no son, in which case custom and law alike sanction a second marriage. But the Hindu creed made no provision for divorce, and herein lay the best protection of society. When the followers of Muhammad overran and conquered India, they brought with them a creed which, far more practically polygamous than Brahmanism, struck at the root of society by making divorce a mere question of the pronunciation of a formula which, spoken in a moment of anger, might necessitate an irrevocable separation of husband and wife. The divorce of the woman being thus easy, and every Moslem being able to regard the wife of every other man as possibly his own, if he, or she, could induce her husband to put her away, absolute seclusion became the only security against dishonor. The Muhammadan conquerors, moreover, seized such Hindu women, married or single, as pleased them, and made them their wives or concubines. An insult such as this, the abduction of the princess of Canauj, was the original cause of the subjection of the Hindus to a Muhammadan dynasty. At length, in self-defence and to protect their wives and daughters from outrage, the Hindus adopted the Muhammadan custom of secluding women, which had been devised to suit altogether a different state of society. The custom, which has been a veritable curse to India, has survived the necessity for its adoption, and England may assert that the honor of women in India is as secure to-day from violence as it could possibly have been in the early days of the Aryan race, when, as all readers of the Mahabharata and Ramayana will remember, accidents occasionally happened, and Sita, the wife of Rama, and Draupadi, the bride of the Pandavas, were both abducted by too enthusiastic admirers of their beauty.

The security which the *pax Britannica* has brought with it is now recognized by Hindu society, and within the last twenty years we have seen, in Bombay, which stands in the forefront of Indian civilization, the greatest and most auspicious change, and society there is brightened by the charming and gracious presence of numerous Hindu and Parsi ladies.

I think that it will be interesting and instructive if I attempt, in closing this sketch of native rule, to describe the system of administration followed by the

British government when, owing to the minority or incompetence of a chief, it assumes the direct management of affairs.

For some reasons, I would prefer to select the State of Charkari, which in a few years has been brought from anarchy to order and conspicuous prosperity by the enlightened exertions of Major Maitland, now the Earl of Lauderdale. But as a more complete type, on a more extended scale, I select the State of Rewah, which, by the voluntary abdication of the maharaja and his subsequent death, has for the past ten years been, at first partially, and afterwards completely, under the administration of British officers. That I take for illustration a State with which I am officially connected, and which is among those subject to the political control of the agent to the governor-general in central India, is merely that I may speak with full authority and knowledge, and not with any desire to claim credit for the admirable work that has been done. This was well commenced by Colonel P. W. Bannerman, as political agent, and has been continued with increasing advantage by Major David Barr as superintendent, and is in no way due to any interference of mine.

The State of Rewah is one of the most interesting in India. It comprises an area of thirteen thousand square miles, and is bordered on the north by the Allahabad and Mirzapur districts, and on the south by the central provinces. Protected by a scarped line of hills towards the Gangetic plain, through which the Sone River with difficulty forces its way, and over which the Toas, Behar, and Mahanaddi rivers fall in superb waterfalls, nearly four hundred feet high, Rewah has remained strangely unaffected by the waves of war and conquest which have swept over India from the north to Bengal. It was beyond the line of invasion, and its hereditary chiefs for immemorial years ruled, in barbaric fashion, over a singularly simple people. The population of the State is one million three hundred thousand, and of these the Hindus number nearly a million. Of Muhammadans there are no more than thirty thousand, while the aboriginal tribes are three hundred thousand in number, Gonds and Kols. The Brahmans, who number over two hundred thousand, hold, perhaps, a higher position than in any other State in India. They are the largest landholders, they are more independent, more respected, and more feared than any other section of society. During the late maha-

raja's lifetime, the Brahmans attained an ascendancy which was positively dangerous to the welfare of the State. Besides obtaining grants of immense areas of land on rent-free tenure, they usurped all the high offices; they obtained the right to levy dues from the people, and were themselves above the law. No Brahman convicted of murder had ever suffered the penalty of death; their immunity in this respect alone made them a law unto themselves, and it was truly said of Rewah that the State was ruled by Brahmans.

The Rajputs of Rewah, of which the Baghels are the dominant clan, and to which the maharaja belonged, represent the aristocratic warrior caste. Simple, courteous, and well-bred, the *thakurs*, or barons of Rewah, are as pleasant and honorable a race of gentlemen as can be met in the world. They are almost absolutely illiterate; but they are thoroughly brave and loyal, and their word can be relied upon. The vices of civilization have not reached them, and they have few of the failings of barbarism. Unlike Rajputs of other parts of India, they are of singularly temperate habits, and use neither spirits or opium, which, though not forbidden by any religious prejudice, are almost unknown among the Rajputs of Baghelkhand.

The aboriginal races are the descendants of those pre-Aryan inhabitants of India, who by successive invasions were driven to the forests and hilly districts, where their descendants still reside. The Gonds and Kols who represent these aborigines in Rewah have degenerated into a completely abject and downtrodden race. In many parts of southern Rewah they are the serfs and bondsmen of the Rajput landholders. They are not allowed to possess land of their own, but are fed and housed at the cost of their masters, who provide funds for their marriages, and give them necessary food and clothing. In return, the Kols and Gonds work in the fields and forests, cut wood, clear jungle, and plough land; and are, to all intents and purposes, the slaves of their employers, who consider that they and their wives and children are as much their property as are the cattle and agricultural implements they possess.

The late maharaja Raghoraj Singh was, although a shrewd and amiable man, one of the worst rulers of modern times, whose wisdom consisted in this, that, finding himself absolutely incompetent to govern his State and control his turbulent barons, he voluntarily made over the management

of his State to the political agent in 1875. This was with the sanction of the government of India, which allowed a loan of £100,000 to pay off the most pressing debts. The maharaja promised not to interfere in State affairs, receiving a suitable allowance to enable him to live with comfort and dignity. Under this arrangement, which was formally recorded, Major Bannerman, political agent in Baghelkhand, assumed charge of the administration of Rewah on the 1st of April, 1875. The task before him of reforming the administration of the State was one of no ordinary magnitude. The debts amounted to £210,000; the revenue from all sources was less than £70,000, and immense reductions had to be made in establishments to bring the expenditure within the income, and to provide for the discharge of debts. But the greatest difficulty with which the political agent had to deal was the system in force in revenue and judicial matters. Under the maharaja's rule, the right of collecting the revenue of each district had been sold to the highest bidders among the most powerful chiefs, who had full criminal, civil, and revenue jurisdiction within the districts leased to them. Nor was it by any means an uncommon procedure on the part of the maharaja, if the original contractor failed to please him, to re-let the district to another on the promise of a fresh payment. By these means the zemindars and cultivators of villages were not only subject to the double payment of the annual rent of their land, and to rack-renting of the most severe nature, but all form of government was obliterated, and the attempt to administer justice was limited to the exaction of fines for criminal offences and of bribes in civil suits. No courts of law existed; crime and lawlessness went unpunished. The greater part of the revenue collected by the contractors went into their own pockets, and only a small percentage of the sums for which the leases had been given for whole districts ever found its way into the State treasury. The army and all establishments were nearly three years in arrears of pay; and the sepoy and sowars, driven to mutiny by their necessities, clamored round the maharaja for payment, and openly threatened violence. The jail, a filthy place, where criminals and untried prisoners were chained together, was only one of the many institutions of Rewah which required thorough cleansing and reform. At the end of the first year Major Bannerman, in his report for 1875-76, gave

the results of his efforts to restore order out of the chaos. Criminal and civil courts of law, framed on simple and practicable bases, had been instituted, and worked well; 1,886 criminal cases, involving 2,221 persons, had been tried, and 3,576 civil suits disposed of, by the newly instituted courts. The system of leasing out the revenue collections was abolished, and a temporary settlement for two years was carried out under the direction of the Naib Dewan Pandit Het Ram, whose services were specially obtained from the government of the north-western provinces, to assist the political agent in this branch of the administration. Tehsildars, chosen from men of position in the State, were appointed to each district, and a regular system of revenue collection instituted for the first time. The political agent personally inquired into the case of every individual prisoner in the jail, and released all those against whom no sufficient proofs of offence were adduced. The claims of unpaid sepoy, sowars, and private servants of the maharaja, were registered and examined. A large number of Purbia sepoy were paid up and dismissed; and as the revenue was collected and funds allowed, the arrears were paid off. The establishments required for the administration were remodelled, and a regular system of budget allotment introduced. At the end of the first year the revenue was estimated at £85,700; while the expenditure, after necessary reductions, was fixed at £66,000. The difficulties of reform were, however, enormous. Sirdars and officials had to be restrained from the rapacious practices which had enriched them, and in many cases compelled to disgorge their ill-gotten gains. Cases of murder were frequent, and, as might be supposed, the Brahmans were the chief offenders; for they knew that they had no fear of capital punishment, while their persons were considered so holy that they either escaped altogether, or received a nominal punishment. Owing to its isolated position, Rewah was two or three centuries behind other parts of India in social institutions. Every petty chief claimed independence in his own estate, habitually disregarded orders, and ignored the obligations under which he held his lands. The officials were all ignorant and corrupt, and the interference of the old maharaja was constant and unscrupulous. All dealings with the nobles and landholders were complicated by the influence exercised by the maharaja, or in his name, while every

reform was hampered by the poverty of the treasury. In spite of these difficulties, the advance made in every branch of the administration was great; till in February, 1880, Maharaja Raghuraj Singh died in his fifty-eighth year, and his heir being a minor of four years of age, the administration was entrusted to the political agent as superintendent of the State, with full authority in all departments. From that time to the present improvement has been uniform and rapid. Its history has been recorded in an account of the "Administration of the Rewah State," which has been just drawn up by Major David Barr, superintendent, the figures and statements of which I here use, and which is worthy of study by all those who desire to understand the manner in which the strong yet kindly hand of a high-minded and able English officer can bring order out of chaos, and lead a native State from bankruptcy to financial equilibrium and prosperity.

The first measure taken by the new administration of Rewah was to summon the hereditary chiefs to share in the administration and assist the superintendent with their advice and countenance. This they had shown no disposition to do while a native gentleman of great probity and intelligence was in temporary charge of the superintendent's office; but they cordially came to the assistance of the English superintendent. This phenomenon is not uncommon, and the proudest nobles cordially accept the direction of Englishmen, although they are jealous of the most competent assistance tendered by their fellow-countrymen. The principal chiefs of the State, mostly Rajput, were accordingly summoned to form a consultative council, to advise the superintendent on all matters referred to them by him, and discuss all important administrative measures, inform themselves of the financial condition of the State and expenditure on public works, and dispose of, as a separate court, certain important civil suits. No executive authority was entrusted to them, and reasonable salaries were allowed to cover the expenses of their attendance at the capital.

This council of chiefs has been an entire success. It has worked with regularity and assiduity, and the superintendent has received the greatest support from the members, individually and collectively; while their appointment to this honorable position has been a means, not only of removing opposition on the part of the chiefs and gentlemen of the State, but of

promoting harmony between them and the executive officials, and of furthering the reforms in every branch of the administration. By associating the chiefs with the superintendent, the goodwill has been obtained of many influential members of the court party, who for years past have been in direct opposition.

The training of the young maharaja, who is now in his tenth year, was one of the most anxious duties of the superintendent. For the final success of the arrangement now being carefully made to ensure the good government of the State must depend on the good principles instilled into the chief, and the development of his abilities in such a manner as to enable him to rule his people with justice and intelligence. An English doctor, peculiarly fitted for the post, was selected to take care of the maharaja's health and education. He was withdrawn from the unhealthy influence of the zenana, and a new house was built for him in a healthy situation outside the city. Here, with his attendants and a prescribed number of relatives, the maharaja lives a happy and healthy life; while educated with him, and sharing his sports as well as his lessons, are a number of boys of the same age from the principal noble families of the State. The maharaja shows great natural ability, and is of a most amiable disposition. He is already a good horseman, and plays at lawn tennis with as much zest as an English schoolboy.

The land revenue system required a most careful treatment, so as to secure the State its fair share, without causing grave discontent among the feudatory nobles. The greater part of Rewah is included within the estates held by feudatory chiefs and jagirdars. It is less a homogeneous State than a group of petty lordships, which, though subject to the sovereignty of the maharaja, are, in respect of their land revenue, entirely separated from the parent stock, and held on various tenures by the chiefs of families to which these allotments of land have been made at different periods. Of 6,416 populated villages in Rewah, only 1,432 are directly subject to the maharaja paying full revenue. Over two thousand are included in the holdings of feudatory chiefs paying tribute; no less than 1,411 are held rent-free in perpetuity, chiefly by Brahmans; and the remainder are under rent-free grants of various descriptions.

Before British superintendence, the maharaja was entirely opposed to any system of liberality; leases for land revenue

were granted for one year only, so that the lessee had no object but to get as much as possible out of the land during the short term of his lease. Improvements were impossible, and cultivators were pressed to enable the contractor to clear a profit from his one year's lease. Not content with this ruinous system, the old maharaja devised another plan for increasing his land revenue by putting up to auction among his chiefs the right to collect the land revenue of the State by districts. The collection of each district was made over to the highest bidder, who, having paid, or, as was more frequently the case, promised to pay, a certain fixed sum to the maharaja for one year's rental, went off to his newly acquired district with full power to sub-let villages under separate contracts, and to collect all he could from the unfortunate people. This tyrannical system was only tempered by the habit of the maharaja of cancelling the lease granted to a chief, if he should receive an offer of higher payment, to grant it to another person; the practice signifying ruin to the people, who were compelled to pay, by the rival contractors, the full terms of both leases. There was no regular system of collecting the revenue, and there were no accounts kept up; rack-renting of the worst kind prevailed throughout the State; the villages were almost depopulated, while the revenue which actually reached the State treasury was gradually dwindling. This was the condition of affairs, so far as the revenue of the State villages was concerned, when the maharaja made over the management to the political agent in 1875. It is needless to remark that, as there was no regular system of collecting the revenue, there were no accounts from which reliable data could be obtained. But after the first year of administration — 1875-76 — Colonel Bannerman found that the assessed land revenue was less than £50,000, and for many years the arrears in collection showed that even this amount could not be realized. One of the first steps taken was to establish a revenue department. Pandit Het Ram was put in special charge of this work, and under his supervision leases for a term of two years were granted to all State villages. These leases were readily accepted by the people during the first few years of the administration. A settlement of this nature proved of much benefit, for it gave time to the lessees to settle with their cultivators; and as confidence in the good faith of the

darbar was restored, the peasants returned to their villages, and the cultivation of land was extended. Yet, so great had been the disturbance caused by the rack-renting in the maharaja's time, and so shaken was the trust of the people, that it was hopeless to attempt any more satisfactory method of revenue settlement than that which had been so long in vogue, and which, when properly carried out, was acceptable to the people. The country was not ready for any measure of revenue survey and assessment; had this been attempted at the commencement of our administration, or, indeed, until time had been allowed for the return of confidence between the rulers and the ruled, it is probable that it would have caused the wildest alarm, and, so far from strengthening our hands, it would have been the means of increasing the discontent and distrust which was so general during the last years of the maharaja's régime. The policy which was followed, therefore, was to continue the system of leasing villages to contractors, care being taken to give the leases to village occupants or to former leaseholders. When the first period of lease expired it was found convenient to renew the contracts; in some districts fresh leases were granted on slightly enhanced rates; but, as a rule, the principle observed was to give the land rest, and allow the people time to recover from the injuries they had received. Thus, evil and ruinous as the system had been, it was not possible suddenly to reverse it. Slowly, reforms have been made. The people were too ignorant to view any land measurement or regular settlement of the revenue without alarm, and these measures have been cautiously introduced and are still in progress.

The custom duties, which had been collected by contract and were subject to every possible abuse, were placed in charge of responsible officials, with the consequence that the collections have increased by upwards of fifty per cent. in five years, while the actual amount paid by the people is probably less than before, and the tax is collected without the hardships which had been a principal feature in the farming of these dues to contractors; while on more than half the articles formerly liable to duty, customs' taxation has been abolished. Transit duties had been before swept away on the remonstrance of the government of India, and the present duties are principally import and export dues.

The right to levy excise has been recovered for the State. Under native rule, the weakness of the durbar had practically caused the entire loss of the right to collect excise duty of any kind beyond the limits of the State villages; and the nobles and landowners, taking advantage of the weakness of the administration, usurped and appropriated the excise revenue of their estates. The recovery of this inherent right, which undisputably belonged to the State, was not accomplished without considerable trouble and resistance, but the demands of the State have at last been accepted by the landowners.

The financial position of Rewah is each year improving. When the political agent took charge of the administration with the consent of Maharaja Raghoraj Singh, the revenue was about £70,000. On the death of the maharaja five years later, when the State came under direct management, the revenue had risen to £106,000, and last year to £126,000.

During these five years of direct British management, £53,000 have been spent in liquidating the State debts, and £136,000 upon public works, which had been entirely neglected in the old days. There was not, indeed, any public building worthy the name in existence in the Rewah State when we took over the management. There was no accommodation for the army. The jail was a mud building, the conditions of which were so insanitary that imprisonment in it was almost equivalent to sentence of death. There were no wheeled carriages in the country, for there were no roads except that constructed by government for military purposes, which was unconnected with the interior of the country by any cross-roads, and the whole traffic of Rewah was conducted by pack animals. Roads have now been constructed in various directions, opening up parts of the country which were practically unknown, and which may be said to have never been visited by any European.

The Kymor hills formed, in old days, an almost impassable barrier between the northern and southern districts; trade was consequently slack, and wheat, which was selling at places near the railway for from thirty to forty pounds per rupee, could be purchased in southern Rewah at from eighty to a hundred and twenty pounds, the impossibility of removing the produce to better markets keeping the prices down to rates which hardly repaid the cost of cultivation.

The minister had been accustomed to

hold his office in a ruinous set of stables. Now the public offices are all united in a fine masonry building in the form of a quadrangle, which contains offices for the minister and his assistants, courts for the magistrate and civil judge, record rooms, treasury and accountants' office, customs, forest, and settlement offices. Previously there were no buildings for the civil or criminal courts. The officers presiding over these courts held their offices at their own private dwellings in the town, to the detriment of the seemly administration of justice, and to the inconvenience alike of judges, suitors, and witnesses.

In place of the pestilential sheds called a jail, there has been built a masonry prison on the radiating plan, sufficient for the accommodation of three hundred and fifty prisoners, with solitary cells, quarters for females, hospitals and work-sheds; and, indeed, few districts in British India have so handsome and well-built a jail.

Lines for the cavalry, infantry, and artillery of the State army have been built in the last two years, in three separate blocks, separated by broad roads, with parade grounds attached, and connected by metalled roads with the town and public offices and jail. Previous to this there were no quarters for the army whatever. The soldiers were billeted on the town; the sowars had no stables for their horses, and when required for duty, the sepoys and sowars had to be hunted up from different parts of the town.

Besides these public works of importance, great improvements have been effected in the sanitation of the town and its suburbs. A dispensary and hospital, police and customs posts, a telegraph and post-office, and schools have been built, the old streets have been metalled, while a network of new roads has been made on all sides of the town. The drainage of the city is now in hand, although it is a matter of great difficulty owing to the floods of the river Bichia, which passes through it.

Under the skilful direction of Mr. Hughes, of the Geological Survey Department, a careful search was made for mineral wealth in the Rewah State, and coal mines of singular abundance and purity have been discovered in the district of Umaria. These have been opened with the best prospects of success, and so important do they appear to the government, that a branch railway is now being constructed to the Umaria mines, which have been taken over and are being

worked by the government, a royalty being paid to the Rewah State which will, from the present year, add largely to its revenue. There is every hope that this line of railway will, by a wise policy, be continued through Rewah to join, at Bilaspur, the important system of the central provinces, which it will supply with cheap coal, and thus open out a most important wheat-producing district for the benefit of India and Europe.

Nor has the superintendency been content alone with developing the coal resources of Rewah. Its other mineral wealth is not neglected, and a scheme for ironworks is now under consideration. Probably the most favorable situation in India for such works is to be found on the border of Rewah, where iron ore of the greatest purity is found, and coal in abundance specially suited for smelting operations. Manganese, so important an ingredient in the Bessemer process of steel manufacture, and fire-clay, are found in the same neighborhood. The forests, before ruthlessly cut down by contractors under no supervision, are now protected and replanted.

Such is Rewah after a few years of honest and enlightened administration by English officers. Nor are the advantages to be gauged by statistics alone, or by the record of public works accomplished or in progress.

The greatest and most beneficent change is in the condition of the people. In the place of the most phenomenal oppression, anarchy, and denial of justice, they are now contented, orderly, and happy. Justice, simple and cheap, is administered to all, and lawlessness has been put down. The great barons have been compelled, in one or two occasions by the threat of armed force, to obey the authority of the State, which in the days of the old maharaja, they had always successfully defied. Serious crime has become of rare occurrence, and a more gentle, kindly race is hardly to be found elsewhere. Their gratitude for the benefits which English rule has brought them, has not, as in British districts, been blunted by the forgetfulness of the evils which they suffered under their own maharaja, and the government has probably no better friends than may be found among the chiefs and people of Rewah.

I trust that I have made clear to English readers that the rule of Indian princes, though often rude and barbarous, is still, in many States, progressive and enlightened, that the evils of autocratic

and unintelligent administration are year by year becoming less, and there is good hope that, by the generous encouragement of the English government and the spread of liberal and enlightened doctrine, native India may take an honorable place in the estimation of the civilized world. The old ideocratic theory of the East, attributing divine attributes to the king, is dying out, and the modern theory which has been accepted everywhere in Europe except in Russia, that the State is not in itself an end but a means of securing the rights of subjects and increasing the sum of private happiness, is taking its place. Nor must we be impatient at the slowness of the change, remembering the conservatism of India and the interested resistance which every attempt at reform must encounter. The Indian princes form an important and indispensable part of the system of British administration. They are secured by treaty obligations in the enjoyment of their hereditary dignities and possessions, and the government has no desire to lessen either one or the other. Nor does it attempt to interfere in the management of their internal affairs further than may be necessary to secure the welfare of the people, who, in native as well as in British India, equally claim the strong protection of the paramount power. Every lover of India will wish well to its ruling princes, and will rejoice to see them leading their subjects in the path of progress, recognizing that it is their highest privilege and their most sacred duty to make their people happy.

Indore Residency, May, 1886.

From Longman's Magazine.

THE LETTERS WRITTEN BY A TRUE LOVER TO HIS MOST HONORED MISTRESS, IN THE YEAR 1646.

I.

THEY say loving has gone out of fashion, sweetheart; then am I sure that neither you nor I can be in the fashion. For surely, if love be out of fashion, kissing must likewise be; and that that was a kiss you gave me when you took leave of me (and sad leave it was, sweetheart!) both my mouth and thine will testify. Your lips trembled, sweet, and the tears stood in your eyes, and yet I loved that gentle quivering better far than even the brightest smile you ever gave me, when first I saw you, sweetheart, ah, so long ago!

Do you remember that first time? You

have blushed at it many times privately, I'll warrant, for there was neither shoe nor stocking on your foot. You were daintily fording a swollen brook when my horse neighed, and heigh, presto! your gown was dropped, and at sight of me the blood came surging up into your cheek.

Sweetheart, that was long ago!

Many a blush have you blushed, and many a tear have you shed (for the which I beg your pardon on my bended knees) for my sake since then!

Now you have become the very soul of my soul. I tell you this, not because you do not know it well, but because it pleases me mightily to write it. Soul of my soul, I'll write it ten thousand times! with ten thousand new meanings each time. Janet, can you imagine, sweetheart, what pain 'twas to leave you, and what greater, sweeter pain to see you grieve at leaving me? I would not lose that greater pain for all the joys of heaven!

Sweet, I'm not blasphemous. I could not think of you and blasphemy; moreover, my dear and honored chief would not allow a blasphemous man to fight in his great cause.

Janet, do you know the one rival you have? Now be jealous. I love a jealous woman.

Though jealousy is impossible 'twixt you and me, love such as ours closes the door on jealousy. You have divined your rival, sweet, without one word from me.

I always loved James Graham, Janet, and now that he has striven with all his might to raise an army to avenge the death of the most blessed martyr Charles, I love him so intensely that my pulses beat and my breath quickens at mere sound of his name.

Therefore I have unsheathed my good sword, which is keen even as I am to do battle in the cause. Therefore have I bidden you good-bye, my Janet, and am now sitting on an old drum in our camp, near Dumbath, penning these few lines which may be an everlasting farewell.

Janet, it is not a light thing to be a soldier's love; hard it is for you, sweet, and heavy to bear, that I know full well, but you are the bravest woman in the whole world, and did not flinch, though the tears stood in your eyes when you kissed me.

Forgive me, sweetheart, for referring to that kiss — perchance the last you may ever give me. Do you remember the horoscope cast for me? Sweet, if I am to die the bloody death foretold for me, I pray that it may be on the field of battle.

I spoke to the noble marquess concerning this, but he has a higher, purer faith than mine. He said that the manner of dying mattered but little, provided that we fall in a true cause.

It seems that he never doubts. I have doubted everything, save only Janet.

Montrose is a true lover. He and I spend many a night speaking about the ladies we love best. Perchance his lady resembles you, for you have much in common, inasmuch as you seem each to be the loveliest, truest, dearest of your sex. I do not tell my chief so, but I *know* my mistress is the more lovable of the two. Sweet, how many eyes have you? For, when I lay awake at night under heaven's canopy, each star looks at me with your eyes. I lay and talk to them, and tell them how I love you, and that I know you never will be mine. Sweetheart, the thought kills me. I am only as other men, and I long for you night and day. I try to pray that in days to come, when I lie under the sods, you will love some other man, and the very thought chokes me. Janet, you will never love another man! Dear, it is widowhood without ever a bridal I am condemning you to.

You will ask why these black thoughts and terrors. Alas! they are only too well founded. I am no coward, Janet, and do not dread to die, sword in hand, fighting to avenge the blood of my murdered king. But, Janet, Colonel Straughan is upon us with twelve thousand men. If I could but die at the side of Montrose! Will you ever forget me, Janet?

Alas! that I ever met you. But no, that is heresy towards my sweet. I love you with the whole of my heart, dear, so farewell. I trust this letter to Duncan, who knows every pass and will bring these lines to you though the enemy guard every stone on the road.

If I were but Duncan to see your face again! My dearest heart, I send you something in the corner of this letter. Would that you could but give it back to me.

Yours until death,

JOHN SPOTTISWOODE.

P.S. — It seems I am not in the fashion, sweet, for I find I love you more than ever. A fig for the fashion, say I! My fashion of loving you is the best and truest part of me. Shall I lose that? Never. Even as I write I hear the call to arms. I fear you will learn the issue of this fight before you receive this. The little sprig of rosemary you plucked for me in happier times lies close to my

heart; it speaks to me of you, but there was no need of rosemary for remembrance. If I could but forget you, dear heart, and you would but forget me, I should go to battle with a lighter spirit, but my love weighs me down, the sweetest burden that a man ever carried. Again, farewell, sweetheart!

II.

ALAS! for my foreboding spirit. Janet, have you heard of the disaster that has befallen us? Sweet, I trust that the news of our defeat has been broken to you gently. I could not rest all night after my capture for thinking of you, and how you would be able to bear the evils that have come upon us. In fancy have I seen your cheek pale and your lips quiver, have seen the glitter of your eye and the rush of tears that will have dimmed its brightness. I am costing you tears again, Janet! I, whose only joy 'twas to see you smile. And now, sweetheart, expect no quarter from our enemies. They are pitiless, nor do I care to accept pity from any man. Your pity, Janet, half-sister to your love, I yearn for.

Dear, I dreamt of you the first night that I was a prisoner. Small wonder, you will think, that my night thoughts should resemble my day dreams. You were with me, Janet, and your fingers were playing with the locks of my hair, daintily lifting them from my hot forehead, and when I awoke 'twas but an icy blast that blew like chill despair through the open bars of my cell. Ah me! the sleeping and the waking! Think of the difference of the two!

Perhaps you still are ignorant of the manner in which we suffered defeat. I scarce can tell how you receive news from us. You seem so far away, Janet, but then 'twas always the same. When you had left my sight but a few minutes, it seemed as if I had passed into another colder, sunless world.

In as few words as I can, without useless preamble, will I narrate how it has chanced that we have fallen into so pitiful a position. Perchance you know that the laird of Dumbath, an enemy of the most noble marquess, left his castle garrisoned in charge of his lady and fled to Edinburgh. Our gallant friend, Colonel Harry, laid siege to it, and, though its position was naturally strong, took it after a short resistance. He left a sufficient garrison, and hurried to meet us who were advancing to the castle.

In my last letter I told you that there were rumors of Straughan's vicinity with a strong force. We were trying to gain a pass when the marquess espied the enemy coming to meet us. Breathless as we were, from the trot at which we had advanced, we were fallen upon by Straughan's forlorn hope. The colonel himself commanded another division; Colonel Ker yet another. It was short and bloody work, Janet. My men gave way at all sides. I lost sight of the most noble marquess. Even our standard fell into the hands of the enemy. Sweet, it is bitter to be compelled to yield when the blood is on fire with the passion of fighting, when there is the death of a martyr to avenge! There seemed no bullet for me on that day. The death I sought eluded me. It is to be the scaffold after all, my Janet, and the seer who foretold my doom was in the right.

Fain would I have had it otherwise. Dear heart, I grieve over my dreams. Now that I am no longer free, I weary for a sight of the bonny heather, for a whiff of the fresh sea, for a sight of you, Janet. I tried not to write this last, because it is not only wearying, it is too hopeless, too deep a yearning. I would die content could I but see your face once more, but that will never be. Dream visions of you will come to visit me; dreams remove bars and bolts; dreams scoff at prison walls. Janet glides in to comfort me, whether my jailers will or no. My dream Janet, pale reflection of a beautiful reality!

I cannot yet quite realize that I, who was (not so long ago) a happy lad, who had no care but the wish that his to-morrow should be as his to-day — who gloried in the sunshine and the blue of the sky, in the mountain air and the calm of the lake — am destined to die on the scaffold for allegiance to my king; that I, whose pride it was to fondle my Janet, should cry in vain for Janet to come and comfort me. All is lost now, sweet! My dearest marquess, doomed of a surety to die; my country is torn by conflicts, my lands will fall in the hands of the Covenanters. I loved them well, those stretches of mountain and plain that I called mine. Ah! well, 'tis a little matter to lose them when I am bereft of all else. Janet, I think I hear you crying when you read this. Do not cry, sweet; for were you a thousand miles away your tears would rend my heart. It is not so great a loss to lose life when one has lost all else. Do not weep, my Janet, for this poor desperate lover of

yours, who is penning this. He cares not greatly to live. To an exile, hunted down by pitiless foes, what would be the worth of life? Not worth a tear of yours, Janet!

And yet I love your tears. Sometimes, when I think of the feeling of a man who has no one to weep over him, I count those tears of yours, Janet, as the brightest gems I could possess.

Sweet, this will not be a farewell note, for my enemies will surely carry me to Edinburgh, where I shall meet my doom. If you could but tell the delight and the dread of writing to you. I am yet with you whilst I write, and the bare thought fills me with joy; and then a fear follows that these poor words of mine may fall in other hands but yours. I check the outpourings of my sore heart lest other eyes but yours should read them. "My sacred love to be profaned by being laid open to scoffers" is a thought that fills me with dread. The ribald can find a jest in the holiest of matters, and to have your sweet name made a byword by the careless would wound me keenly. But, of a surety, I shall find some means of sending a few words to you, and perhaps you may hear concerning me from my enemies, who make a loud boast that they have crushed and taken prisoner Montrose and his army. Therefore, sweet, 'tis only farewell for a few days that I am writing now. Only, Janet, do not flatter yourself with false hopes. There will be no pardon for me. Nor do I desire one. Montrose doomed to die, I could not wish to live.

Heaven help me, if these words seem unloving to my sweetheart. But my life has proven so unlike my imaginings of it. My sweets have become bitter, my golden visions black realities; all my ends so different from my beginnings. I am too near my death to think of new possibilities. I can but go over the events of my life, and dream of my Janet!

Sweetheart, fare the well, and grieve not mightily over

Your true lover,

J. S.

P.S.—The sun is shining brightly to-day, Janet, and I long for you with a consuming longing. A little gust of wind full of the fragrance of the heather has brought back to me memories of you. The glad days we spent together amongst the heather, sweet! It maddens me to think of them. How careless and happy we were, and how bonny you were! Janet, thoughts of joy, when the soul is overcast by sorrow, are like the tortures of hell!

III.

JANET, in reviewing those graces in you that I loved, I had often been in doubt as to what manner of yours pleased me the best. I doubt no longer, for I know now that I loved your manner most when you braved bolts and bars and the tyranny of my enemies (whom I fully forgive, even as I pray the Lord may forgive me), and the churlishness of rude jailers, so that you could kiss me good-bye, sweet!

The joy of it! Janet, you cannot imagine what this glimpse of you has been to me.

Sure am I that there never breathed so proud a condemned felon, nor one with half such just reason to rejoice. Since Janet—her fears forgotten—came to me in my prison cell, what matter fetters or aught that my enemies can urge against me? If all that which their malice can invent be chronicled to my disparagement, no one will believe aught that is bad, since Janet kissed me!

When you entered my cell, perchance you observed that I was tongue-tied, that no words could force their way to my lips, that my eyes seemed dazed and could not realize that it was my dearest mistress standing before me. You were so pale and wan, love, your pitiful face has haunted me ever since.

Sweet, I am to die; you know it! I swear to you that death has lost its bitterness since I have seen you. You cannot imagine how the thought that I never should see you more has pursued me. Night and day, since the disastrous day when we lost all, I have yearned for a glimpse of you, and yesterday you gave it me.

Sweetheart, who was to have been my wife, if it were not for you I should feel right glad that my short span of life is nearly over. Twenty-six years only have I lived, and have already seen the death of all I cared for.

My king has died a martyr's death on the scaffold, sold into the hands of his enemies by his subjects and countrymen—my countrymen. My poor country, torn by factions, distracted by conflict, could not even offer me a quiet and secure dwelling-place. You yourself, my Janet, would soon tire of a morose and unhappy husband. Perchance 'tis as well that our wedded life should be nothing but a golden dream, dreamt by us in happier times.

Janet, do not heed what I have written; 'tis but a poor pretence at consolation, a

tissue of lies! To have called you wife, but for a day, would have amply compensated me for a life of anguish, and now I have grown mad — mad with the desire of seeing you again, of holding you once more in my arms; for, Janet, I am young and strong, and the hot blood is coursing through my veins, and to-morrow I die!

I fear no death, not even that on the scaffold, but I fear to carry about with me into the next world that great unassuaged desire, the desire for you, Janet. I cannot shake it off, it overpowers me. It will outlast life, nay, outlast death. Yea, on the very judgment day 'twill be you only that will bring peace to my tortured soul. Brave heart! you have suffered so much for me that I scarce like to lay another sufferance on you. 'Tis a great boon I crave of you — no need to urge you by telling you 'tis the last. I know you well, Janet, and, knowing you, scarce hesitate to crave this last favor, which, if it be not too great, I pray you grant me.

Janet, will you see me die?

Not in the midst of the crowd, sweet, but in some secluded spot, whence, when my last moment comes, you will murmur through your tears, "Dear soul! God give him rest. He loved me well!"

Loving you well is all that I could ever do for you, sweet, and how well I love you the very stars and seas (who know your name from hearing me repeat it) will testify.

I have heard a tale of two great French ladies whose lovers died on the scaffold, and who watched them die. Afterwards they embalmed the hearts of their true loves and carried them with them always for remembrance. No need of that for Janet! She will carry the remembrance of me securely in her own heart!

Sweet, if have requested of you more than woman's strength can endure, refuse my boon. I shall go to my death bravely, never fear. Even if I think that you cannot grant me my desire, I shall die as befits my name and the cause I fall in.

But if you are brave even unto the fulfilment of my wish, then stand at the window of the grey house, my cousin's house (which is filled to the brim, to me, of memories of you), and wave a kerchief as a signal to me as I pass. Then will I march to death gladly, even as a bridegroom goes to meet his bride.

To meet his bride! Oh! Janet, bride of my dreams only, would that I could pour out the bitter sweet words that come surging to my brain.

To tell you how I love you were impossible; to make you understand what you have been to me in sweetness and tenderness since the first day my eyes fell on you, equally impossible, and to bid you good-bye most impossible of the three. For though my pen cease writing, I shall not cease bidding you farewell until the axe severs my head from my body (if, indeed, I am favored so much as to die by steel in lieu of rope, though it matters but little to me); even then a long good-bye to Janet will be found on my lips by those who can read such language. Even now I have omitted to give you thanks for your sweet pleadings in my behalf. 'Twas great grief to think that you should thus humble yourself for my worthless life's sake; yet was it grief mingled with sweetness, for had you not braved all for me? And nothing can humiliate you, sweetheart; not even the churlish denial which the boon you craved met with from my enemy; but I thank you again for your courage. I love you for it; 'twas like you.

The little sprig of rosemary, Janet, still lies close to my heart. There will it lie until my heart beats no more; and then, when I am dead, methinks it must blossom out afresh from my grave. Was it not a love token from you? Can love such as ours, or its emblems, ever die? It must be everlasting. A little stir in my cell tells me that they are coming, to announce that I must soon make ready to die — that death will claim me from Janet.

If I but die as nobly as Montrose died, so that my dearest heart, in days to come (when she can bear to talk of it), will narrate, her voice thrilled with pain, and I hope a little pride, how her true lover met his death! You will be quite old then, Janet, your soft brown hair silvered, your eyes dimmed, your voice quavering, and I shall be everlastingly young, Janet, gone to my death in the fulness of my years. I wonder shall I have long to wait for you, Janet? Are you going to leave me lonely for long, my bride?

Oh! Janet, I must now write my last, last words to you. I feel that I have not lived my life quite in vain, since it has been given to me to gain your love. My whole being gives you unutterable thanks for the inestimable boon of your affection. You have sweetened my life, Janet, have even robbed death of its bitterness. And I love you with my whole heart, nor have I ever loved another maid but you.

I can scarce write the word farewell.

Methinks it should scorch the paper. See, sweetheart, I have kissed this just here. Lay your warm lips on the spot when mine are cold. Alas! That they should ever be irresponsible to yours.

Janet, there is scarce a moment now. I must e'en hasten to finish, so that this may reach you in time. I pray that you may get it.

There is no sadder thing than a farewell in all this sad world of ours. All earthly regrets are gone, save only my regret for Janet, and — Good-bye, sweetheart. Fare thee well.

J. S.

The lady Janet being troth-plighted to the young and gallant J. Spottiswoode, who was one of the noble Marquess of Montrose's most devoted followers, being in sore distress at news of her lover's imprisonment and sentence to death, herself craved the boon of his life from his enemies, which was, however, denied her.

By dint of courage and resolution she penetrated the walls of his prison, and came alone the night before his execution, to bid him good-bye. Her lover laid a wish upon her that she should witness his death, which wish she faithfully complied with.

As he passed her on his way to execution, he smiled right gladly with sudden joy, and she waved her kerchief to him, and also threw him a white rose, which he prayed his guards let him gather up. But they, fearing that any delay would incense the populace against them (for all were weary of bloodshed), urged him on. At which he cried with a loud voice, "Farewell, my Janet!" and walked firmly to the scaffold.

When all was over, the ladies surrounding the lady Janet, who had seen her fall forward when her lover pronounced his last farewell, tried to lift her from the seat on the window on which she had sunk. But when they looked on her fair face they found that the Lord had been merciful to her, and had taken her to himself when her lover breathed his last.

Note. — I found this last notice, together with the three letters Spottiswoode wrote to his sweetheart, in an old oak chest which has remained unopened in our family for generations. I have modernized the spelling and the diction, but the letters still remain very much as they were written.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

AMONG the judgments of his contemporaries which make a sort of "Inferno" of the posthumous writings of Thomas Carlyle, that passed upon "Christopher North" has always seemed to me the most interesting, and perhaps on the whole the fairest. There is enough and to spare of one-sidedness in it, and of the harshness which comes from one-sidedness. But it is hardly at all sour, and, when allowance is made for the point of view, by no means unjust. The whole is interesting from the literary side, but as it fills two large pages it is much too long to quote. The personal description, "the broad shouldered stately bulk of the man struck me; his flashing eye, copious dishevelled head of hair, and rapid, unconcerned progress like that of a plough through stubble," is characteristically graphic, and far the best of the numerous pen sketches of "the Professor." As for the criticism, the following is the kernel passage of it: —

Wilson had much nobleness of heart and many traits of noble genius, but the central tie-beam seemed wanting always; very long ago I perceived in him the most irreconcilable contradictions: Toryism with sansculottism; Methodism of a sort with total incredulity; a noble loyal and religious nature not strong enough to vanquish the perverse element it is born into. Hence a being all split into precipitous chasms and the wildest volcanic tumults; rocks overgrown indeed with tropical luxuriance of leaf and flower but knit together at the bottom — that was my old figure of speech — only by an ocean of whiskey punch. On these terms nothing can be done. Wilson seems to me always by far the most *gifted* of our literary men either then or still. And yet intrinsically he has written nothing that can endure. The central gift was wanting.

Something in the unfavorable part of this must no doubt be set down to the critic's usual forgetfulness of his own admirable dictum, "He is not thou but himself; other than thou." John was quite other than Thomas, and Thomas judged him somewhat summarily as if he were a failure of a Thomas. Yet the criticism, if partly harsh and as a whole somewhat incomplete, is true enough. Wilson has written "intrinsically nothing that can endure," if it be judged by any severe test. An English Diderot, he must bear a harder version of the judgment on Diderot, that he had written good pages but no good book. Only very rarely has he ever written good pages, in the sense of pages good throughout. The almost

inconceivable haste with which he wrote (he is credited with having on one occasion actually written fifty-six pages of print for *Blackwood* in two days, and in the years of its double numbers he often contributed from a hundred to a hundred and fifty pages in a single month) this prodigious haste would not of itself account for the puerilities, the touches of bad taste, the false pathos, the tedious burlesque, the more tedious jactation which disfigure his work. A man writing against time may be driven to dullness, or commonplace, or inelegance of style; but he need never commit any of the faults just noticed. They were due beyond doubt in Wilson's case to a natural idiosyncrasy, the great characteristic of which Carlyle has happily hit off in the phrase, "want of a tie-beam," whether he has or has not been charitable in suggesting that the missing link was supplied by whiskey punch. The least attractive point about Wilson's work is undoubtedly what his censor elsewhere describes as his habit of "giving a kick" to many men and things. There is no more unpleasant feature of the "Noctes" than the apparent inability of the writer to refrain from sly "kicks" even at the objects of his greatest veneration. A kind of mania of detraction seizes him at times, a mania which some of his admirers have more kindly than wisely endeavored to shuffle off as a humorous dramatic touch intentionally administered to him by his eidolon North. The most disgraceful, perhaps the only really disgraceful, instance of this is the carping and offensive criticism of Scott's "Demonology," written and published at a time when Sir Walter's known state of health and fortunes might have protected him even from an enemy, much more from a friend, and a deeply obliged friend such as Wilson. Nor is this the only fling at Scott. Wordsworth, much more vulnerable, is also much more frequently assailed; and even Shakespeare does not come off scot-free when Wilson is in his ugly moods.

It need hardly be said that I have no intention of saying that Scott or Wordsworth or Shakespeare may not be criticised. It is the way in which the criticism is done which is the crime; and for these acts of literary high treason, or at least leasing-making, as well as for all Wilson's other faults, nothing seems to me so much responsible as the want of bottom which Carlyle notes. I do not think that Wilson had any solid fund of principles, putting morals and religion

aside, either in politics or in literature. He liked and he hated much and strongly, and being a healthy creature he on the whole liked the right things and hated the wrong ones; but it was for the most part a merely instinctive liking and hatred, quite un-coordinated and by no means unlikely to pass the next moment into hatred or liking as the case might be.

These are grave faults. But for the purpose of providing that pleasure which is to be got from literature (and this, like one or two former papers of mine in this magazine, is mainly an effort in literary hedonism, a contribution to the almanack of the literary gourmand) Wilson stands very high, indeed so high that he can be ranked only below the highest. He who will enjoy him must be an intelligent voluptuary, and especially well versed in the art of skipping. When Wilson begins to talk fine, when he begins to wax pathetic, and when he gets into many others of his numerous altitudes, it will behave the reader, according to his own tastes, to skip with discretion and vigor. If he cannot do this, if his eye is not wary enough, or if his conscience forbids him to obey his eyes' warnings, Wilson is not for him. It is true that Mr. Skelton has tried to make a "Comedy of the 'Noctes Ambrosianae,'" in which the skipping is done ready to hand. But with all the respect due to the author of "Thalatta" the process is not, at least speaking according to my judgment, successful. No one can really taste that eccentric book unless he reads it as a whole; its humors arbitrarily separated and cut-and-dried are nearly unintelligible. Indeed Professor Ferrier's original attempt to give Wilson's work only, and not all of that work when it happened to be mixed with others', seems to me to have been a mistake. But of that further, when we come to speak of the "Noctes" themselves.

Wilson's life, for more than two-thirds of it a very happy one and not devoid of a certain eventfulness, can be summarized pretty briefly, especially as a full account of it is available in the very delightful work of his daughter, Mrs. Gordon. Born in 1785, the son of a rich manufacturer of Paisley, and a mother who boasted gentle blood, he was brought up first in the house of a country minister (whose parish he has made famous in several sketches), then at the University of Glasgow, and then at Magdalen College, Oxford. He was early left possessor of a considerable fortune, and his first love, a certain "Margaret," having proved unkind, he estab-

lished himself at Elleray on Windermere and entered into all the Lake society. Before very long (he was twenty-six at the time) he married Miss Jane Penny, daughter of a Liverpool merchant, and kept open house at Elleray for some years. Then his fortune disappeared in the keeping of a dishonest relation, and he had, in a way, his livelihood to make. I say "in a way," because the wind appears to have been considerably tempered to this shorn but robust lamb. He had not even to give up Elleray, though he could not live there in his old style. He had a mother who was able and willing to entertain him at Edinburgh, on the sole understanding that he did not "turn Whig," of which there was very little danger. He was enabled to keep not too exhausting or anxious terms as an advocate at the Scottish bar; and before long he was endowed, against the infinitely superior claims of Sir William Hamilton, and by sheer force of personal and political influence, with the very lucrative professorship of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. But even before this he had been exempted from the necessity of "cultivating literature on a little oatmeal" by his connection with *Blackwood's Magazine*. The story of that magazine has often been told; never perhaps quite fully, but sufficiently. Wilson was not at any time strictly speaking editor; and a statement under his own hand avers that he never received any editorial pay, and was sometimes subject to that criticism which the publisher, as all men know from a famous letter of Scott's, was sometimes in the habit of exercising rather indiscreetly. But for a very great number of years there is no doubt that he held a kind of quasi-editorial position which included the censorship of other men's work and an almost, if not quite, unlimited right of printing his own. For some time the even more masterful spirit of Lockhart (against whom by the way Mrs. Gordon seems to have had a rather unreasonable prejudice) qualified his control over "Maga." But Lockhart's promotion to the *Quarterly* removed this influence, and from 1825 (speaking roughly) to 1835 Wilson was supreme. The death of William Blackwood and of the Ettrick Shepherd in the last named year, and of his own wife in 1837 (the latter a blow from which he never recovered) strongly affected not his control over the publication but his desire to control it; and after 1839 his contributions (save in the years 1845 and 1848)

were very few. Ill health and broken spirits disabled him, and in 1852 he had to resign his professorship, dying two years later after some months of almost total prostration. Of the rest of the deeds of Christopher, and of his pugilism, and of his learning, and of his pedestrian exploits, and of his fishing, and of his cock-fighting, and of his hearty enjoyment of life generally, the books of the chronicles of Mrs. Gordon, and still more the twelve volumes of his works and the un-reprinted contributions to *Blackwood* shall tell.

It is with those works that our principal business is, and some of them we will take the liberty of at once dismissing. His poems are now matters of interest to very few mortals. It is not that they are bad, for they are not; but that they are almost wholly without distinction. He came just late enough to have got the seed of the great romantic revival; and his verse work is rarely more than the work of a clever man who has partly learnt and partly divined the manner of Burns, Scott, Campbell, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, and the rest. Nor to my fancy are his prose tales of much more value. I read them many years ago and cared little for them. I re-read, or attempted to re-read, them the other day and cared less. There seems from the original prospectus of the edition of his works to have been an intention of editing the course of moral philosophy which, with more or fewer variations, obtained him the agreeable income of a thousand a year or so for thirty years. But whether (as Mrs. Gordon seems to hint) the notes were in too dilapidated and chaotic a condition for use, or whether Professor Ferrier, his son-in-law and editor (himself, with Dean Mansel, the last of the exact philosophers of Britain) revolted at the idea of printing anything so merely literary, or what it was I know not — at any rate they do not now figure in the list. This leaves us ten volumes of collected works, to wit, four of the "Noctes Ambrosianae," four of "Essays Critical and Imaginative," and two of "The Recreations of Christopher North," all with a very few exceptions reprinted from *Blackwood*. Mrs. Gordon filially groans because the reprint was not more extensive, and without endorsing her own very high opinion of her father's work, it is possible to agree with her. It is especially noteworthy that from the essays are excluded three out of the four chief critical series which Wilson wrote — that on Spenser, praised by a writer so

little given to reckless praise as Hallam, the "Specimens of British Critics" and the "Dies Boreales,"—leaving only the series on Homer with its quasi-appendix on the Greek dramatists, and the "Noctes" themselves.

It must be confessed that the "Noctes Ambrosianae" are not easy things to commend to the modern reader, if I may use the word commend in its proper sense and with no air of patronage. Even Scotchmen (perhaps, indeed, Scotchmen most of all) are wont nowadays to praise them rather apologetically, as may be seen in the case of their editor and abridger Mr. Skelton. Like most other very original things they drew after them a flock of imbecile imitations; and up to the present day those who have lived in the remoter parts of Scotland must know or recently remember dreary compositions in corrupt following of the "Noctes" with exaggerated attempts at Christopher's worst mannerisms, and invariably including a ghastly caricature of the Shepherd. Even in themselves they abound in stumbling-blocks, which are perhaps multiplied, at least at the threshold, by the arbitrary separation in Ferrier's edition of Wilson's part, and not all his part, from the whole series; eighteen numbers being excluded bodily to begin with, while many more and parts of more are omitted subsequently. The critical mistake of this is evident, for much of the machinery and all the personages of the "Noctes" were given to, not by, Wilson, and in all probability he accepted them not too willingly. The origin of the fantastic personages, the creation of which was a perfect mania with the early contributors to *Blackwood*, and who are, it is to be feared, too often a nuisance to modern readers, is rather dubious. Maginn's friends have claimed the origination of the "Noctes" proper, and of its well-known motto paraphrased from Phocylides, for "the Doctor," or, if his chief *Blackwood* designation be preferred, for the ensign—Ensign O'Doherty. Professor Ferrier, on the other hand, has shown a not unnatural but by no means critical or exact desire to hint that Wilson invented the whole. There is no doubt that the real original is to be found in the actual suppers at Ambrose's. These Lockhart had described in "Peter's Letters" before the appearance of the first "Noctes" (the reader must not be shocked, the false concord is invariable in the book itself) and not long after the establishment of "Maga." As was the case with the magazine generally

the early numbers were extremely local and extremely personal. Wilson's glory is that he to a great extent, though not wholly, lifted them out of this rut, when he became the chief if not the sole writer after Lockhart's removal to London, and reduced the personages, with rare exceptions, to three strongly marked and very dramatic characters, Christopher North himself, the Ettrick Shepherd, and "Tickler." All these three were in a manner portraits, but no one is a mere photograph from a single person. On the whole, however, I suspect that Christopher North is a much closer likeness if not of what Wilson himself was, yet at any rate of what he would have liked to be, than some of his apologists maintain. These charitable souls excuse the egotism, the personality, the violence, the inconsistency, the absurd assumption of omniscience and Admirable-Crichtonism, on the plea that "Christopher" is only the ideal editor and not the actual Professor. It is quite true that Wilson, who, like all men of humor, must have known his own foibles, not unfrequently satirizes them; but it is clear from his other work and from his private letters that they *were* his foibles. The figure of the Shepherd, who is the chief speaker and on the whole the most interesting, is a more debatable one. It is certain that many of Hogg's friends, and in his touchy moments he himself, considered that a great liberty was taken with him, if not that (as the *Quarterly* put it in a phrase which evidently made Wilson very angry) he was represented as a mere "boozing buffoon." On the other hand it is equally certain that the Shepherd never did in prose and in his own name (he was a very pretty dialect poet) anything that exhibited half the power over thought and language which is shown in the best passages of his "Noctes" eidolon. Some of the adventures described as having happened to him are historically known as having happened to Wilson himself, and his sentiments are much more the writer's than the speaker's. At the same time the admirably imitated patois and the subtle rendering of Hogg's very well-known foibles—his inordinate and stupendous vanity, his proneness to take liberties with his betters, his irritable temper, and the rest—give a false air of identity which is very noteworthy. The third portrait is said to have been the farthest from life, except in some physical peculiarities, of the three. "Tickler," whose original was Wilson's maternal uncle Robert Sym, an Edinburgh

"writer," and something of a humorist in the flesh, is very skilfully made to hold (without being anything of a "stick") the position of common sense intermediary between the two originals, North and the Shepherd. He has his own peculiarities, but he has also a habit of bringing his friends down from their altitudes in a Voltairian fashion which is of immense use to the dialogues. The few occasional interlocutors are of little moment, with one exception; and the only female characters, Mrs. and Miss Gentle, would have been very much better away. They are not in the least lifelike, and usually exhibit the namby-paminess into which Wilson too often fell when he wished to be refined and pathetic. The "English" or half English characters, who come in sometimes as foils are also rather of the stick, sticky. On the other hand, the interruptions of Ambrose, the host, and his household, though a little farcical, are well judged. And of the one exception above mentioned, the live Thomas de Quincey, who is brought in without disguise or excuse in some of the very best of the series, it can only be said that the imitation of his written style is extraordinary, and that men who knew his conversation say that the rendering of that is more extraordinary still.

The same designed exaggeration which some uncritical persons have called Rabelaisian (not noticing that the very fault of the "Noctes" is that, unlike Rabelais, their author mixes up probabilities and improbabilities so that there is a perpetual jarring) is maintained throughout the scenery and etceteras. The comfortable but modest accommodations of Ambrose's hotels in Gabriel's Road and Picardy Place are turned into abodes of not particularly tasteful luxury which put Lord Beaconsfield's famous upholstery to shame, and remind one of what they probably suggested, Edgar Poe's equally famous and much more terrible sketch of a model drawing-room. All the plate is carefully described as "silver;" if it had been gold there might have been some humor in it. The "wax" candles and "silken" curtains (if they had been "Arabian Nights" lamps and Oriental drapery the same might be said) are always insisted on. If there is any joke here it seems to lie in the contrast with Wilson's actual habits, which were very simple. For instance, he gives us a gorgeous description of the apparatus of North's solitary confinement when writing for *Blackwood*; his daughter's unvarnished account of the same

process agrees exactly as to time, rate of production, and so forth, but substitutes water for the old hock and "Scots pint" (magnum) of claret, a dirty little terra-cotta inkstand for the silver utensil of the "Noctes," and a single large tallow candle for Christopher's "floods of light." He carried the whim so far as to construct for himself — his "Noctes" self — an imaginary hall by-the-sea on the Firth of Forth (which in the same way seems to have had an actual resemblance, half of likeness, half of contrast, to the actual Elleraay) and to enlarge his own comfortable town house in Gloucester Place to a sort of fairy palace in Moray Place. But that which has most puzzled and shocked readers are the specially Gargantuan passages relating to eating and drinking. The comments made on this seem (he was anything but patient of criticism) to have annoyed Wilson very much; and in some of the later "Noctes" he drops hints that the whole is mere barmecide business. Unfortunately the same criticism applies to this as to the upholstery — the exaggeration is "done too natural." The Shepherd's consumption of oysters not by dozens but by fifties, the allowance of "six common kettles full of water" for the night's toddy ration of the three, North's above mentioned bottle of old hock at dinner and magnum of claret after the dinners and suppers and "whets" which appear so often, — all these stop short of the actually incredible, and are nothing more than extremely convivial men of the time, who were also large eaters, would have actually consumed. Lord Alvanley's three hearty suppers, the exploits of the old member of Parliament in Boz's sketch of Bellamy's (I forget his real name, but he was not a myth), and other things might be quoted to show that there is a fatal verisimilitude in the Ambrosian feasts which may, or may not, make them shocking (they don't shock me), but which certainly takes them out of the category of merely humorous exaggeration. The Shepherd's "jugs," numerous as they are (and by the way the Shepherd propounds two absolutely contradictory theories of toddy-making, one of which, according to the instructions of my preceptors in that art who lived within sight of the hills that look down on Glenlivet, is a damnable heresy), are not in the least like the *sese muiz, deux bussars, et six tufins* of tripe that Gargamelle so rashly devoured. There are men now living, and honored members of society in Scotland, who admit the soft impeachment

of having drunk in their youth twelve or fourteen "double" tumblers at a sitting. Now a double tumbler, be it known to the Southron, is a jorum of toddy to which there go two wineglasses (of course of the old-fashioned size, not our modern goblets) of whiskey. "Indeed," said a humorous and indulgent lady correspondent of Wilson's, "indeed, I really think you eat too many oysters at the 'Noctes';" and any one who believes in distributive justice must admit that they did.

If, therefore, the reader is of the modern cutlet-and-cup-of-coffee school of feeding, he will no doubt find the "Noctes" most grossly and palpably gluttonous. If he be a very superior person he will smile at the upholstery. If he objects to horse-play he will be horrified at finding the characters on one occasion engaging in a regular "mill," on more than one corking each other's faces during slumber, sometimes playing at pyramids like the bounding brothers of acrobatic fame, at others indulging in leap-frog with the servants, permitting themselves practical jokes of all kinds, affecting to be drowned by an explosive haggis, and so forth. Every now and then he will come to a passage at which, without being superfine at all, he may find his gorge rise; though there is nothing quite so bad in the "Noctes" as the picture of the ravens eating a dead Quaker in the "Recreations," a picture for which Wilson offers a very lame defence elsewhere. He must put all sorts of prejudice, literary, political, and other in his pocket. He must be prepared not only for constant and very scurrilous flings at "Cockneys" (Wilson extends the term far beyond the Hunt and Hazlitt school, an extension which to this day seems to give a strange delight to Edinburgh journalists), but for the wildest heterodoxies and inconsistencies of political, literary, and miscellaneous judgment, for much bastard verse-prose, for a good many quite uninteresting local and ephemeral allusions, and, of course, for any quantity of Scotch dialect. If all these allowances and provisos are too many for him to make, it is probably useless for him to attempt the "Noctes" at all. He will pretty certainly set their characters down with the *Quarterly* reviewer as boozing buffoons, and decline the honor of an invitation to "Ambrose's" or "the Lodge," to "Southside" or the tent in Ettrick forest.

But any one who can accommodate himself to these little matters, much more any one who can enter into the spirit of days

merrier, more leisurely, and if not less straitlaced than our own, yet lacing their laces in a different fashion, will find the "Noctes" very delightful indeed. The mere high jinks, when the secret of being in the vein with them has been mastered, are seldom unamusing, and sometimes (notably in the long swim out to sea of 'Tickler and the Shepherd') quite admirable fooling. No one who has an eye for the literary-dramatic can help, after a few "Noctes" have been read, admiring the skill with which the characters are at once typified and individualized, the substance which they acquire in the reader's mind, the personal interest in them which is excited. And to all this, peculiarly suited for an alternative in these solemn days, has to be added the abundance of scattered and incomplete but remarkable gems of expression and thought that come at every few pages, sometimes at every page, of the series.

Some of the burlesque narratives (such as the Shepherd's Mazeppa-like ride on the Bonassus) are inimitably good, though they are too often spoilt by Wilson's great faults of prolixity and uncertainty of touch. The criticisms, of which there are many, are also extremely unequal, but not a few very fine passages may be found among them. The politics, it must be owned, are not good for much, even from the Tory point of view. But the greatest attraction of the whole, next to its sunshiny heartiness and humor, is to be found in innumerable and indescribable bits, phrases, sentences, short paragraphs, which have, more than anything out of the dialogues of the very best novels, the character and charm of actual conversation. To read a "Noctes" has for those who have the happy gift of realizing literature not much less than the effect of actually taking part in one with no danger of headache or indigestion after, and without the risk of being playfully corked, or required to leap the table for a wager, or forced to extemporize sixteen stanzas standing on the mantelpiece. There must be some peculiar virtue in this, for, as is very well known, the usual dialogue leaves the reader more outside of it than almost any other kind of literature.

This peculiar charm is of necessity wanting to the rest of Wilson's works, and in so far they are inferior to the "Noctes;" but they have compensatory merits of their own, while, considered merely as literature, there are better things in them than anything that is to be found in the colloquies of those men

of great gormandizing abilities — Christopher North, James Hogg, and Timothy Tickler. Of the four volumes of "Essays Critical and Imaginative" the fourth, on Homer and his translators, with an unfinished companion piece on the Greek drama, stands by itself, and has indeed, I believe, been separately published. It is well worth reading through at a sitting, which cannot be said of every volume of criticism. What is more, it may, I think, be put almost first in its own division of the art, though whether that division of the art is a high or low one is another question. I should not myself rank it very high. With Wilson criticism, at least here, is little more than the eloquent expression of likes and dislikes. The long passages in which he deals with the wrath of Achilles and with the love of Calypso, though subject to the general stricture already more than once passed, are really beautiful specimens of literary enthusiasm; nor is there anything in English more calculated to initiate the reader, especially the young reader, in the love at least, if not the understanding, of Homer. The same enthusiastic and obviously quite genuine appreciation appears in the essay on the "Agamemnon." But of criticism as criticism — of what has been called tracing of literary cause and effect, of any coherent and co-ordinated theory of the good and bad in verse and prose, and the reasons of its goodness or badness, it must be said of this, as of Wilson's other critical work, that it is to be found *nusquam nullibi nullimodis*. He can preach (though with too great volubility, and with occasional faults of taste) delightful sermons about what he likes at the moment — for it is by no means always the same; and he can make formidable onslaughts with various weapons on what he dislikes — which again is not always the same. But a man so certain to go off at score whenever his likes or dislikes were excited, and so absolutely unable to check himself whenever he feels tempted thus to go off, lacks the very first qualifications of the critic; lacks them, indeed, almost as much as the mere word-grinder who looks to see whether a plural substantive has a singular verb, and is satisfied if it has not, and horrified if it has. His most famous sentence, "The Animosities are mortal, but the Humanities live forever," is certainly noble. But it would have been better if the humanities had oftener choked the animosities at their birth.

Wilson's criticism is to be found more or less everywhere in his collected writ-

ings. I have said that I think it a pity that, of his longest critical attempts, only one has been republished, and the reason is simple. For with an unequal writer (and Wilson is a writer unequalled in his inequality) his best work is as likely to be found in his worst book as his worst work in his best book; while the constant contemplation for a considerable period of one subject is more likely than anything else to dispel his habits of digression and padding. But the ubiquity of his criticism through the ten volumes was, in the circumstances of their editing, simply unavoidable. He had himself superintended a selection of all kinds, which he called "The Recreations of Christopher North," and this had to be reprinted entire. It followed that in the "Essays Critical and Imaginative," an equally miscellaneous character should be observed. Almost everything given, and much not given, in the works is worth consideration, but for critical purposes a choice is necessary. Let us take the consolidated essay on Wordsworth (most of which dates before 1822), the famous paper on Lord, then Mr., Tennyson's poems in 1832, and the generous palinode on Macaulay's "Lays" of 1842. No three papers could better show Wilson in his three literary stages, that of rather cautious tentative (for though he was not a very young man in 1818, the date of the earliest of the Wordsworth papers, he was a young writer), that of practised and unrestrained vigor (for 1832 represents about his literary zenith), and that of reflective decadence, for by 1842 he had ceased to write habitually, and was already bowed down by mental sorrows and physical ailments.

In the first paper, or set of papers, it is evident that he is ambitiously groping after a more systematic style of criticism than he found in practice to be possible for him. Although he elsewhere scoffs at definitions, he tries to formulate very precisely the genius of Scott, of Byron, and of Wordsworth; he does his best to connect his individual judgments with these formulas; he shuns mere verbal criticism, and to some extent mere exaltation or depreciation of particular passages. But it is quite evident that he is ill at ease; and I do not think that any one now reading the essay can call it a successful one, or can attempt to rank it with those which, from different points of view, Hazlitt and DeQuincey, Hazlitt nearly at the same time, wrote about Wordsworth. Indeed, Hazlitt is the most valuable of all examples for a critical comparison with Wilson;

both being violent partisans and crotcheters, both being animated with the truest love of poetry, but the one possessing and the other lacking the "tie-beam" of a consistent critical theory.

A dozen years later Wilson had cast his slough, and had become the autocratic, self-constituted dictator, Christopher North. He was confronted with the very difficult problem of Mr. Tennyson's poems. He knew they were poetry; that he could not help seeing and knowing. "But they seemed to him to be the work of a 'Cockney' (it would be interesting to know whether there ever was any one less of a Cockney than the author of 'Mariana'), and he was irritated by some silly praise which had been given to them. So he set to work, and perpetrated the queerest jumble of sound and unsound criticism that exists in the archives of that art or science, as far as a humble but laborious student and practitioner knoweth. He could not for the life of him help admiring 'Adeline,' 'Oriana,' 'Mariana,' 'The Ode to Memory.' Yet he had nothing but scorn for the scarcely less exquisite 'Mermaid' and 'Sea Fairies' — the first few lines of the latter, though it was kept by this and other pseudo-criticism from the knowledge of half a generation of English readers, equalling anything that the poet has ever done. And only the lucky memory of a remark of Hartley Coleridge's (who never went wrong in criticism, whatever he did in life) saved him from explicitly damning 'The Dying Swan,' which stands at the very head of a whole class of poetry. In all this essay, to borrow one of his own favorite words, he simply 'plouters' — splashes and flounders about without any guidance of critical theory. Compare, to keep up the comparative method, the paper with the still more famous and far more deadly attack which Lockhart made a little later in the *Quarterly*. There one finds little, if any, generosity; and infinitely more cold-blooded and deliberate determination to 'cut up.' But the critic (and how quaint and pathetic it is to think that the said critic was the author of, 'I ride from land to land' and 'When youthful hope is fled,' sees his theory of poetry straight before him, and never takes his eye off it. The individual censures may be glaringly unjust, but they fit together like the propositions of a judgment of Sir Alexander Cockburn's. The poet is condemned under the statute, — so much the worse for the statute perhaps, but that does not matter — and he can only plead no jurisdiction; whereas with

Christopher it is quite different. If he does not exactly blunder right (and he sometimes does that), he constantly blunders wrong — goes wrong, that is to say, without any excuse of theory or general view. That is not criticism.

We shall not find matters much mended from the strictly critical point of view when we come, ten years later, to the article on the "Lays." Here Christopher, as I hold with all respect to persons of distinction, is absolutely right. He does not say one word too much of the fire and life of those wonderful verses, of that fight of all fights — as far as English verse goes except Drayton's "Agincourt" and the last canto of "Marmion;" as far as English prose goes except some passages of Malory and two or three pages of Kingsley's — "The Battle of the Lake Regillus." The subject and the swing attracted him; he liked the fight, and he liked the ring as of Sir Walter at his very best. But he goes appallingly wrong all through on general critical points.

Yet, according to his own perverse fashion, he never goes wrong without going right. All through in his critical work are scattered the most intelligent ideas, the neatest phrases, the most appreciative judgments. How good is it to say that "the battle of Trafalgar, though in some sort it neither began nor ended anything, was a kind of consummation of national prowess"! How good again in its very straightforwardness and simplicity is the dictum, "It is not necessary that we should understand fine poetry in order to feel and enjoy it, any more than fine music"! Hundreds and thousands of these things lie about the pages. And in the next page to each the critic probably goes and says something which shows that he had entirely forgotten them. An intelligent man may be angry with Christopher — I should doubt whether any one who is not occasionally both angry and disgusted with him can be an intelligent man. But it is impossible to dislike him or fail to admire him as a whole.

There is a third and very extensive division of Wilson's work which may not improbably be more popular, or might be if it were accessible separately, with the public of to-day, than either of those which have been surveyed. His "drunken Noctes," as Carlyle unkindly calls them, require a certain peculiar attitude of mind to appreciate them. As for his criticisms, it is frequently said, and it certainly would not become me to deny it, that nobody reads criticisms but critics. But Wilson's

renown as an athlete, a sportsman, and a lover of nature, who had a singular gift in expressing his love, has not yet died; and there is an ample audience now for men who can write about athletics, about sport, and about scenery. Nor is it questionable that on these subjects he is seen, on the whole, at his best. True, his faults pursue him even here, and are aggravated by a sort of fashion of the time which made him elaborately digress into politics, into literature, even (God rest his soul!) into a kind of quasi-professional and professorial sermonizing on morals and theology in the midst of his sporting articles. But the metal more attractive of the main subject would probably recommend these papers widely if they were not scattered pell-mell about the "Essays Critical and Imaginative," and the "Recreations of Christopher North." Speaking generally they fall into three divisions—essays on sport in general, essays on the English Lakes, and essays on the Scottish Highlands. The best of the first class are the famous papers called "Christopher North in his Sporting Jacket," and the scattered reviews and articles redacted in the "Recreations" under the general title of "Anglimania." In the second class all are good; and a volume composed of "Christopher at the Lakes," "A Day at Windermere," "Christopher on Colonsay" (a wild extravaganza which had a sort of basis of fact in a trotting match won on a pony which Wilson afterwards sold for four pounds), and "A Saunter at Grasmere," with one or two more, would be a thing of price. The best of the third class beyond all question is the collection, also redacted by the author for the "Recreations," entitled "The Moors." This last is perhaps the best of all the sporting and descriptive pieces, though not the least exemplary of its author's vagaries; for before he can get to the moors he gives us heaven knows how many pages of a criticism on Wordsworth, which in that place at any rate we do not in the least want; and in the very middle of his wonderful and sanguinary exploits on and near Ben Cruachan he "interrupts the muffins" in order to deliver to a most farcical and impertinent assemblage a quite serious and still more impertinent sermon. But all these papers are more or less delightful. For the glowing description of, and the sneaking apology for, cat-worrying which the "Sporting Jacket" contains nothing can be said. Wilson deliberately overlooks the fact that the whole fun of that nefari-

ous amusement consists in the pitting of a plucky but weak animal against something much more strongly built and armed than itself. One may regret the P.R., and indulge in a not wholly sneaking affection for cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and anything in which there is a fair match, without having the slightest weakness for this kind of brutality. But, generally speaking, Wilson is a thoroughly fair sportsman, and how enthusiastic he is no one who has read him can fail to know. Of the scenery of loch or lake, of hill or mountain, he was at once an ardent lover and a describer who has never been equalled. His accustomed exaggeration and false emphasis are nowhere so little perceptible as when he deals with Ben Cruachan or the Old Man of Conistoun, with the four great lakes of Britain, east and west (one of his finest passages), or with the glens of Etive and Borrowdale. The accursed influence of an unchastened taste is indeed observable in that "skit" of "The Dead Quaker of Helvellyn," a piece of unrelieved nastiness which he has in vain tried to excuse. But the whole of the series from which this is taken ("Christopher in his Aviary") is in his least happy style, alternately grandiose and low, relieved indeed by touches of observation and feeling, as all his work is, but hardly redeemed by them. The depths of his possible fall may also be seen from a short piece which Professor Ferrier, obligingly describing it as "too lively to be omitted," has adjoined to "Christopher at the Lakes." But, on the whole, all the articles mentioned in the list at the beginning of this paragraph, with the capital "Streams" as an addition, with the soliloquies on "The Seasons," and with part (not the narrative part) of "Highland Storms," are delightful reading. The progress of the sportsman has never been better given than in "Christopher North in his Sporting Jacket." In "The Moors" the actual sporting part is perhaps a little spoiled by the affectation of infallibility, qualified it is true by an aside or two, which so often mars the Christopherian utterances. But Wilson's description has never been bettered. The thunderstorm on the hill, the rough conviviality at the illicit distillery, the evening voyage on the loch, match, if they do not beat, anything of the kind in much more recent books far better known to the present generation. A special favorite of mine is the rather unceremonious review of Sir Humphry Davy's strangely over-praised "Salmonia." The passage of utter scorn

and indignation at the preposterous statement of the chief personage in the dialogues, that after an exceptionally hard day's walking and fishing "half-a-pint of claret per man is enough," is sublime. Nearly the earliest, and certainly the best, protest against some modern fashions in shooting is to be found in "The Moors." In the same series, the visit to the hill cottage, preceding that to the still, has what it has since become the fashion to call the idyllic flavor, without too much of the rather mawkish pathos with which, in imitation of Mackenzie and the sensibility writers of the last century, Wilson is apt to daub his pictures of rural and humble life. The passages on Oxford, to go to a slightly different but allied subject in "Old North and Young North" (a paper not yet mentioned), may only appeal fully to Oxford men, but I can hardly be mistaken in thinking that outsiders must at least see some of the beauty of them. But the list of specially desirable things in these articles is endless; hardly one of them can be taken up without discovering many such, not one of them without discovering some.*

And throughout the whole collection there is the additional satisfaction that the author is writing only of what he thoroughly knows and understands. At the Lakes Wilson lived for years, and was familiar with every cranny of the hills, from the pillar to Hawes Water, and from Newby Bridge to Saddleback. He began marching and fishing through the Highlands when he was a boy, enticed even his wife into perilous pedestrian enterprises with him, and, though the extent of his knowledge was perhaps not quite so large as he pretends, he certainly knew great tracts as well as he knew Edinburgh. Nor were his qualifications as a sportsman less authentic, despite the somewhat Munchausenish appearance which some of the feats narrated in the "Noctes" and the "Recreations" wear, and are indeed intended to wear. His enormous baskets of trout seem to have been, if not quite so regular as he sometimes makes them out, at any rate fully historical as occasional feats. As has been hinted, he really did win the trotting match on the pony, Colonsay, against a thoroughbred, though it was only on the technical point of the thor-

oughbred breaking his pace. His walk from London to Oxford in a night seems to have been a fact, and indeed there is nothing at all impossible in it, for the distance through Wycombe is not more than fifty three miles; while the less certainly authenticated feat of walking from Liverpool to Elleray (eighty miles at least), without more than a short rest, also appears to be genuine. Like the heroes of a song that he loved, though he seems to have sung it in a corrupt text, he could wrestle and fight and jump out anywhere; and, until he was thoroughly broken by illness, he appears to have made the very most of the not inconsiderable spare time of a Scotch professor who has once got his long series of lectures committed to paper, and has nothing to do for the rest of his life but collect bundles of pound notes at the beginning of each session. All this, joined to his literary gifts, gives a reality to his out-of-door papers which is hardly to be found elsewhere except in some passages of Kingsley, between whom and Wilson there are many and most curious resemblances, chequered by national and personal differences only less curious.

I do not think he was a good reviewer, even after making allowance for the prejudices and partisanship of the time, and for the monkey tricks of mannerism which, at any rate, in his earlier days, were incumbent on a reviewer in "Maga." He is too prone to the besetting sins of reviewing — the right-hand defections and left-hand fallings off, which, being interpreted, consist first in expressing agreement or disagreement with the author's views, and secondly in digressing into personal statements of one's own views of things connected with them instead of expounding more or less clearly what the book is, and addressing oneself to the great question, Is it a good or a bad piece of work according to the standard which the author himself strove to reach? I have said that I do not think he was on the whole a good critic (for a man may be a good critic and a bad reviewer, though the reverse will hardly stand), and I have given my reasons. That he was neither a great, nor even a very good poet or tale-teller, I have no doubt whatever. But this leaves untouched the attraction of his miscellaneous work, and its suitability for the purpose of recreation. For that purpose I think it to be among the very best work in all literature. Its unflinching life and vigor, its vast variety, the healthy and inspiring character of the subjects

* If I accepted (a rash acceptance) the challenge to name the three very best things in Wilson I should, I think, choose the famous Fairy's Funeral in the "Recreations," the Shepherd's account of his recovery from illness in the "Noctes," and, in a lighter vein, the picture of girls bathing in "Streams."

with which in the main it deals, are the characteristics which makes its volumes easy-chair books of the best order. Its beauty no doubt is irregular, faulty, engaging rather than exquisite, attractive rather than artistically or scientifically perfect. I do not know that there is even any reason to join in the general lament over Wilson as being a gigantic failure, a monument of wasted energies and half-developed faculty. I do not at all think that there was anything in him much better than he actually did, or that he ever could have polished and sand-papered the faults out of his work. It would pretty certainly have lost freshness and vigor; it would quite certainly have been less in bulk, and bulk is a very important point in literature that is to serve as recreation. It is to me not much less certain that it never would have attained the first rank in symmetry and order. I am quite content with it as it is, and I only wish that still more of it were easily accessible.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
PARROTS I HAVE MET.

I MUST begin by stating that I never cared for parrots—in fact, as a child, I distinctly feared and disliked them. One of my earliest recollections is that of a parrot kept by one of my aunts whom I often visited. It seemed peaceable and quiet enough, and had much freedom, when it would meander gently about the room, neither taking notice of nor molesting any one. Emboldened by this conduct, I thought I might venture to tease poor Polly, so, creeping under the table, I very gently pulled its tail. Deeply moved and incensed by this insult, Polly flew straight at me and bit my finger. I acknowledged the justice of the punishment; still, in fright and pain, I screamed aloud, when my nurse and aunt flew to the rescue and restored the outraged parrot to her cage. The next day, on being let loose, it flew straight at me, and tried to peck my eyes out and bite my cheeks; it never forgot or forgave the injury, but tried to bite me whenever it was loose, flying at me and pecking wherever it could, till at last it became a sort of nightmare and terror to me, and I repented me in tears of the wrong I had committed against it. Full of years and hatred it at last yielded up the ghost, to my peace of mind and its mistress's regret.

The next parrot I became acquainted with did nothing to exalt his race in my eyes. He belonged to a sea-captain, and we came across him in lodgings at the seaside. His language was profanity itself, and besides that he was a tale-bearer. "Robert kissed the cook, oh fie!" was screamed out by him suddenly one day, and by this a discovery was made of a love story, which "shook the pillars of domestic peace;" a jealous housemaid having taught him the phrase.

I always think of this parrot as a "him," for I should be grieved to think of any respectable lady bird disgracing herself and sex by the very "big, big D's" that unrighteous bird used daily.

My third parrot friend was a grey one, and belonged to Admiral Blank—also a sea-going bird, but how different had been his education! He was a thorough gentleman, full of conversation on many topics, clever at whistling, and able to sing a good song when occasion offered. It was in the Brazils I met him. We all lived in a lovely garden attached to the hotel, where separate little houses were built, each with sitting and bed rooms, according to the requirements of the guests. We had one house and Admiral Blank another, and Polly used to spend his time in a large cage perched up in a tree, where he was very happy and conversational, and became quite friendly with me, as I gave him fruits and other delicacies.

Now, there was a huge negro slave, upwards of six feet high, as black as a coal, but a great swell, attired always in most spotless lily-white duck suits and a tall white hat, who was told off to attend to these garden houses. His name was White, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, I presume; and "White! White!" might often be heard shouted through the garden in the stentorian tones of Admiral Blank; when White would fly with an obedient start from the kitchen of the hotel hard by. One morning I had seen the admiral start off, resplendent in uniform, and knew he was gone; I was surprised, therefore, to hear "White! White!" called in his tone of voice. I could not understand it, as I had never left the garden since he went away and had not seen him return. Neither could White. He came running and perspiring, went to Admiral Blank's house, and then looked about the garden, but could not find him. Then, supposing he had made a mistake, he returned to the ivory-toothed, grinning, black laundry maids, in the

courtship of whom he had been interrupted. "White! White!" once more resounded through the gardens, this time in very angry tones. White came in fear and haste to find — no one; and the illusion was repeated several times that day. I speedily discovered that Polly was the caller, and, alas! next day so did White, and in his anger and spite he would have killed the bird had I not been there to protect him. Many a fruitless run did Polly give him after that, for master's White! and Polly's White! were absolutely indistinguishable.

Soon after this it fell to my lot to be possessor of two parrots, and bitterly I rebelled against the decree. It happened thus: We went to India, and I was completely fascinated by the crowds of green parrots we saw in the plains. It was a never-failing source of delight to me to see them flying in flocks, often hundreds at a time, with the rays of the descending sun glistening on their emerald-green plumage; or to see a tree destitute of leaves made green by reason of the multitude of parrots that had settled on its branches; or again, at sunset, to see the green parrots flying about the white marble minarets of the glorious Taj-Mahal, or darting about, frolicking in the expiring rays. To me they were the most lovely of India's birds.

One scene connected with parrots is, from its perfect beauty, often present in my mind. At a certain residency, one of the finest in northern India, there is a fountain constantly playing, and in the early morning the parrots gather together in vast numbers to drink and bathe in its running waters and basin. To see their graceful curves and upward flights before dashing through and just skimming the surface of the water, with their unbounded joy and delight in so doing, was a picture of ecstatic, ideal, living happiness difficult to surpass. The parrots at this residency are almost tame, for every morning four or five caged ones are let loose to be fed, and down come all the wild ones to share their feast. The early morning is the time to see these birds at their brightest and best. At the first glimpse of the rising sun they forsake their night's resting-places and fly shrieking forth in search of food, and on many a tree they may be seen pulling off the precious berries and fruits. Alas! the *mahli's* (gardener's) heart does not warm to parrots, for their nature is to work destruction wherever they go, and they pick off and destroy far more than they eat — as the unripe

mangoes lying at the foot of a mango-tree will testify.

Seeing my admiration of and enjoyment in these green parrots, my friends, with whom I was stopping, decided it would be nice for me to have two to take back to England with me. In vain I represented to them that it was the beauty and life of the wild ones I admired, and that I thought caged ones would be sorry representatives of their kind. But no, the fates would have it otherwise.

Some misguided parrots built their nest in a hole in the saddle-room wall, and some of the young birds were taken out and brought into the house. When I inspected them I could hardly believe they were parrots. They looked like very yellow, ugly, skinny frogs with white claws and a red beak, and not a vestige of a feather, and more firmly than ever I declined to have anything to say to them. However, they were put in a basket and fed every two hours on a system of dough pills poked down their throats and washed down with water, and to my disgust I was expected to assist them to these delicious repasts. To add to my troubles one day a man arrived with a cage full of hill parrots, two parent birds and a family of young ones. They seemed in the last stage of exhaustion and starvation, so we fed them all and said we would buy some, and returned the others. The man sent back a polite message that now we had touched the birds it would break his caste to take them back, and unless we would buy them all he must kill them.

We felt grieved to think of their untimely fate, so purchased the whole family; though it was no light matter to contemplate stuffing six more birds with pills — the young birds were even uglier than our own, though the parent birds were lovely, bright green with red on each wing, and a red ring round the neck. Well, the time for my departure arrived, and I said nothing about the parrots, and fondly hoped they had been forgotten; when, as the train was about to move off, up came a servant with a little cage containing two young birds and a brown paper parcel containing dough. I felt a good deal; but politeness made me offer the best thanks I could muster up in my vexation. Off we started, and very soon the birds began to make a crooning noise — a sound I had learned to detest, for it meant that they were hungry, and that the time had arrived for the dough to be utilized. With a bad grace I took them on my lap, opened their bills, turn about, and poked the boluses

down. At last the "Torpedo" took a header amongst my skirts, a sign that he was satisfied, and the "Whale" rolled his eyes and looked as if he were dying, which was his sign of repletion. The above were the names of my new *protégés*, the Torpedo having gained his sobriquet by his singular habit of bolting headforemost anywhere and in anything the moment he had eaten enough. There was a popular song some years ago called "The Torpedo and the Whale," so the latter name followed naturally for my friends, though I had never heard the ditty. This meal was the beginning of similar repasts administered about every two hours day and night for some days, when quite suddenly Torpedo put on an entirely new suit of the vividest green with long blue tail-feather, which with his little bright red bill transformed him from being ugly to a thing of beauty; and one day, at Watson's Hotel, Bombay, he suddenly flew from the balcony right round the room, so, in fear lest he should fly away, I cut his wing. The Whale continued ugly, sulky, and of an uncertain temper, much bullied by Torpedo, half its size. They still required feeding with the pills. The voyage home they performed in a basket, and Torpedo became so tame he would follow me about the ship like a little dog. At this time they acquired a habit of shrieking ear-piercing yells. They reached England in summer, and seemed very well while the warm weather lasted; but suddenly intensely cold, frosty weather set in with sleet and snow, and the poor parrots looked and seemed miserable. One night the thermometer sank to twenty-eight degrees below zero. About eleven o'clock at night I heard the little Torpedo rustling about and trying to get out of its cage. So I took it to the fire, warmed and fed it, and it went fast asleep on my knee. At last I put it back in its cage, covered it well up, and went to bed. The next morning my German housemaid came to my bedroom and said, "Oh, madam, I have such ferry bad news to gif you. You will be so sorry." I conjured her to tell me the worst at once, but she kept me in suspense some time longer, repeating how grieved I should be, and at last handed me a newspaper parcel containing my little Torpedo lying dead! It appears she found the poor little soul on the floor with its head between a bookcase and the wall, frozen to death standing upright. I tried to revive it in every way, by putting it near the fire, etc., but all in vain — life was extinct. It is now stuffed and under

a glass case, but it has lost all hold on my affection, as it is not one whit like my living, saucy, loving, mischievous Torpedo. The Whale was now left alone in his glory, and rapidly improved in position. He was allowed to sit in the upper places of his immense cage, whereas in the time of the late lamented Torpedo he had always been compelled to take the lower room; had all the titbits to eat, and developed in wisdom and good looks, and produced red feathers on his wings and a rosy ring around his neck; his temper became genial, and he learned the noble art of conversation, and, to the servants' delight, called them all by their names. Both parrots had a wonderful facility for making themselves respected, but at the same time ingratiating themselves with other animals.

Many a time I have gone to the kitchen, and found it empty of domestics, but the whole floor swarming with animals, viz., six pugs, father, mother, and four little ones, one cat and one kitten, a huge Mount St. Bernard dog, and a canary, and amongst them all, proudly strutting about, Torpedo and the Whale. If Leo, the big dog, were in front of the fire, the parrots would calmly pinch his toes or his tail till he made place for them; and the kitten and parrots played games together, rolling over and over. The Whale, amongst other accomplishments, possessed a love of music, and whistled just like the canary. He also greatly enjoyed my music when I played, but he preferred scales and exercises, his taste being purely classical. Whenever I began the former he would climb up my dress on to my shoulder, and there flutter about just as if he were taking a bath. Then one by one he would abstract my hairpins, till at last my hair would fall down, and in that he would plunge and bathe with extreme relish. This was not an amusement he was often permitted to indulge in, however. At this time we had a "buttons," Robinson by name, who was the cross of everybody in the house except his master, who continually took his part, and explained that all his shortcomings arose from too much petticoat government in the kitchen. One day the Whale was muttering to himself a good deal, and at last clearly delivered himself of the following: "Robinson, Robinson! whatever are you doing, you bad boy! You're a very naughty boy. Go to bed at once, sir! do you hear?" and this exactly in the cook's voice; and he used to scold Robinson loudly in other words also, showing the frequency of the thing in his hear-

ing in the kitchen where he lived. He loved to be out in the garden, and would climb a tree with great agility and joy, pulling much of the bark off as he ascended. He and the Torpedo entirely picked to pieces and demolished a favorite wicker armchair which my mother-in-law had given us to keep and that she greatly valued, which was sad!

We decided upon revisiting India, and the question arose, What was to become of the Whale? He had many English hearths and homes at his disposal, for he had endeared himself to many people by his winning ways and clever talk. But we resolved to let him once more enjoy the gorgeous East and the scenes of his early youth. So we got a small cage, cut off his long tail so that he might fit in, made a red baize cover to show off his complexion—I mean his green feathers—bought some bird-seed, and there was Polly, *au grand complet* for the voyage. He liked the sea, and was very hilarious, talking and whistling away and making friends with every one. He used to sit perched up on my deck-chair, while every one brought him offerings of dainties from table and the various ports we stopped at. There was an actress on board, the celebrated Mlle. Dash, "the Sylph of the Arena." She was not a favorite in the ship. She was loud in her dress, speech, and manners, and of a thirsty temperament. One day she had fallen sweetly asleep on a deck-chair with her mouth wide open and snoring, with a most lavish display of flesh-colored silk stockings. I saw the Whale observing her, and presently, before I could catch him, he climbed down my chair, skurried across the deck, and climbed up her shiny shoes and pink silk legs. It must really have been very painful for her, as his claws were very sharp. She woke up with a loud scream of bitterest anguish, and I hurried up to apologize and to rescue her from her awkward position. I regret to say that—so much the worse for human nature—many of the passengers rejoiced loudly at her misfortune. Thus making friends and foes the Whale and we arrived at Madras. There, at the end of our sitting-room, was an immense verandah, and here the Whale lived, pleased to renew his acquaintance with sugarcane, but disgusted with the ants and crows. His food had constantly to be changed on account of the former, and the latter used to come and eat his bread and water; then his rage and fury were terrible to witness, and all the scolding he had learned, intended for

Robinson, he levied at their heads, and finally learned to caw exactly as they did. Here we set up a Madrassee "boy," and he kept that unfortunate servant pretty busy running about, as he learnt to call "Boy!" both in his master's and mistress's voice. He visited Calcutta, Ceylon, and various places in India, and gained health, strength, and new words in his native land, and learnt to flatter me by calling out "Pretty, pretty" whenever he saw me. During his residence at the above-mentioned northern presidency the poor little fellow became very ill, gasped for breath, refused all food except what he took from my lips, fluffed up his feathers, and looked piteously at me for help; he seemed perfectly miserable except when perched upon my hand, the only time he ever seemed to sleep, and, in spite of everything we tried, he expired one morning, to our great grief. We felt as if we had lost a dear friend, and truly we had, for he had cheered us up in many a gloomy moment by his cheery and affectionate ways. He was buried in a lovely garden bright with varied and fragrant clusters of blossoms—a fit resting-place for such a child of nature.

I had been so absorbed in the illness and death of the dear Whale that I almost forgot that out in the verandah in a small cage were two other tiny parrots—an offering from my friends to whom I owed the Torpedo and the Whale. But I felt too sad to take any interest in them, and they were handed over to the tender mercies of a tall, picturesque, red-coated *chuprasee*, one of the native servants kept by the rajah for the service of the resident. He wore a long grey beard, divided at the chin and caught up on each side of his face behind his ears underneath the voluminous folds of an immense white turban. He was learned in the ways of birds, and clever in their treatment, and my birds thrived well under his fostering ministrations. One morning I went to see them at their *chota hazree*—early morning meal—and found his plan of feeding was to make dough caterpillars and put them down their throats, and gently stroke them down their necks till they reached the crop, the whole process distinctly visible through their shining naked little bodies. This he repeated till the latter distended, and all the blood-vessels looked as if they would burst. I pointed out to him in my choicest Hindustani that they were choking and overfed, but he said no. So, not caring much, I left them to their fate, and gave my ser-

vant orders on no account to bring them with us when we left, as they would only die, I thought. Fortified with this resolve I drove lightly to the station, thinking the matter was settled. Imagine my horror to see on the platform a pagoda-like cage, and inside two flabby little birds with protruding crops. The chuprasee salaamed and explained how he feared I had forgotten the parrots, and so he had brought them himself. Kismet! it appeared to be fated that I was to be haunted with parrots once more. I sadly resumed my duty of pill-administrator, and the little fellows presently put on their new green liveries, and finally could stand up on one leg and hold things to eat in their claw, and became as pretty as could be. They developed very amiable, agreeable manners too, and many a morning I was aroused by a gentle kiss to find they had eaten their way through their cage, climbed up the mosquito curtains of my bed, and were trying to remind me that they were hungry and wanted their breakfast; or perhaps I would awaken with a slight sound of scratching, to see two little green heads and scarlet bills cocked on one side looking at and nodding to me through the bath-room door, which was their abode.

These birds were called respectively "Joey" and "Dr. Johnson"—the latter from his inordinate love of tea. It is related that his venerable namesake visited a widow for fourteen years every evening and drank fourteen cups of tea without ever proposing to her. My Dr. Johnson could only manage three teaspoonfuls of tea, but that was quite as much in proportion to his size, as his body was only about as large as that of a thrush, though his long tail-feathers made him look much bigger.

Arrived on board the P. and O. S.S. *Cotsford*, I took my birds to my cabin. The next day, Mr. Purser, going his rounds, saw the parrots there, and ordered them to the butcher's. Nay, start not, gentle reader, this was not the signal for their instant execution, but the butcher has the charge of all animals on board, whether they belong to passengers or to the ship. My poor little birds! I went forward constantly to feed them, and their joy each time at seeing me again was quite pathetic. They were not only worn to fiddle-strings, but poor Dr. Johnson wore out his tail with his ceaseless efforts to thrust himself through the bars of his cage. Yes! when he retired to the butcher's he owned as handsome blue tail-feath-

ers as parrot could wish to possess. When he left he was a tailless, drooping creature. The sight of their broken-heartedness decided me that matters could not go on thus, so I made friends with the captain and got his permission for them to go back with me to my cabin. They made an extensive toilet in honor of the event. No single feather but what was set in order, though poor Dr. Johnson's tail, or rather the want of it, perplexed him sadly at first. After this, they spent their time on deck, where every one petted and spoiled them. Arrived in England, they were put in a very large cage, but they are often loose, and fly to meet me and their master when we enter the room. Dr. Johnson was the first to speak. He one day whispered "Pretty, pretty" quite distinctly. Then Joey took up his parable, and far outstripped his teacher in the art of speaking. He is a most sentimental character, and makes love and kisses in the prettiest way. He hates solitude, and sometimes, when Dr. Johnson, worn out with flying, scolding, and eating, tucks his little head under his wing to enjoy a siesta, Joey gives him no peace, but pulls his tail and wings and tries to make him talk, and if this is in vain he catches hold of his bill and forcibly pulls his head from where it nestles amongst the soft green feathers. Then the great anger of Dr. Johnson is a sight to witness. He cranes his neck, his eyes flash forth yellow light, till the black pupil is hardly visible, and lunges forth at Joey and screams with rage. Joey sits with a placid smile. He is happy, for he has done what he wished—roused up Dr. Johnson.

I was very busy embroidering a curtain soon after we landed, and Dr. Johnson, willing to be useful as well as ornamental, learned how to sew. He would sit on the side of the wooden frame, watching the patient needle as it stabbed the cloth in and out. Suddenly one day he made a dash at the needle coming through the work, and pulling it out with a jerk ran again to the side of the frame, and this he repeated every stitch, with many joyous gambols amongst the many-colored wools and silks.

Now my parrots were happy indeed, for they had left their London home, and were spending all the glad summer-time in the country; they were out all day, flying about in the balmy, scented air, frisking and flirting in the sunlight, or playing hide-and-seek amongst the spreading branches of verdant tall oak and elm trees, and darting about, mad with joy at their

liberty. Suddenly they would take wing and fly beyond the reach of mortal eye, and then suddenly a shriek of joy would betray their presence, and, panting and puffing with their exertions, they would settle on my shoulder and kiss me over and over again. The sunshine glancing on their gay plumage made them shine like jewels. Sometimes they would settle in a little holly-tree, and if an impudent sparrow or brave cock-robin ventured to settle on that tree, the indignation of Dr. Johnson would wax warm. He would put his head on one side, take their bearings well, and then would scuttle up and down the branches after them, helter skelter, falling often headlong into a bunch of prickly leaves in his haste to catch them, and never rest till he chased them away. They both took delight in sitting on a rose-tree and pulling the flowers and buds to pieces — watching me all the time to see how much damage I would stand, and knowing as well as I did that they were in mischief. What pleasant memories they must have been storing up with which to refresh themselves during the coming winter months, and how many chats they will have all about the warm bright sunshine and the cloudless sky, the clustering roses, the twittering birds they saw and heard, and all the exquisite sights and sounds of summer-time!

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
THE MONKS OF ISLAM.

THE desert and the deep — the two great immensities of this nether earth — seem to exercise directly opposite influences on the mind. The desert has ever been the cradle of contemplation — the nurse of fanaticism; the ocean produces only a spirit of reckless revolt against the involuntary awe its vastness inspires. The difference in the aspect of these two terrestrial infinities may account for their divergent effects on men, since the immobility of the one may well promote concentration — the restlessness of the other instability of thought. For the ocean has moods of tigerish playfulness with which it dissembles its terrors — caprices of tenderness under which it masks its cruelty. But the desert, brooding unchangeably in burning barrenness, has no smile to disguise its desolation, and heaven's own sunshine, elsewhere the benediction of nature, is here its direst curse. The im-

mutability of eternity itself is familiarized to the mind by the fixity of the waste, and thus the drouthy bitterness of Marah was a fitting prelude to the thunder-terrors of Sinai. Hence, too, the illimitable wastes of Asia and Africa have ever been the first home of that spirit of introspective self-absorption which finds its expression in a life of contemplative austerity.

The ascetic idea — so foreign to the joyous temperament of Mohammed — was a parasitic intruder grafted from foreign sources on his creed. The incisive sentence, "No monks in Islam," sums up his personal feelings on the subject, which, definite as it was, failed to exclude the infiltration of an opposite current of ideas. Greek and Persian systems of philosophy had made their influence felt in Arabia before his time, and were there represented by the hostile schools termed respectively "walkers" and "contemplators." The names were submerged in the great religious revolution of Mohammed, but the distinction survived, and is perpetuated to this day.

Sufism, the transcendental sect of Islam, embodies ideas wholly at variance with its cardinal tenets, and represents the abiding effects of Persian speculation on the Arab mind. Its kinship to the spirit of Buddhist and Brahminical reverie shows that it had its more remote origin even farther east, and sprang from that central home of the human family to which the genesis of its common stock of ideas may be more or less directly traced. Hence the incorporation of many distinctively Indian beliefs in the teaching of the various monastic orders of Islam, which form in this respect so many distinct sects, held together by the strangely unifying force of the Mussulman creed. The movement from which these orders sprang was almost contemporaneous with the birth of Mohammedanism itself, showing how early the stirring of divergent tendencies was felt within it.

The first Mussulman anchorite was Uwais-el-Korani, a native of Karu in Yemen, who in the year 37 of the Hejira was admonished in a dream by the angel Jibrail (Gabriel) to retire from the world and devote himself to a life of penance. In memory of the prophet's loss of two of his front teeth at the battle of Ohad, the hermit had all his own extracted, and enjoined the same practice on his disciples. A number of devotees joined him in his pious seclusion, and among the successors of these solitaries arose the founders of

the most celebrated orders of dervishes.* These now number thirty-six of primary rank, without reckoning their numerous minor ramifications. Twelve date their existence from before the foundation of the Ottoman Empire, while the twenty-four others originated between the beginning of the fourteenth and the middle of the fifteenth centuries. The regular dervishes live in monasteries called *tekkiehs*, or *khanakahs*, of which there are over two hundred in Constantinople alone. They contain each about forty inmates, and are endowed with lands called *uaquof* (settled), left by charitable bequests, and incapable of alienation.

Celibacy, poverty, and obedience are enjoined on the members, as on Christian monks, but the only actual vow taken seems to be one of submission and fidelity to the sheikh or superior. Most of the brothers are, in point of fact, married men, living with their families, but bound to pass a certain portion of their time in the *tekkieh*, sleeping there not less than two nights in the week. Their food, consisting of two or three *plats*, is served to them in their several cells, but they are allowed to assemble together in parties of three or four to partake of it. They spend much of their time in the streets, and their principal function is to enkindle the fanaticism of the faithful by preaching in the markets and crossways. Mendicancy is nominally prohibited — the *Bektashi* dervishes, now suppressed, having been the only exception to this rule — but blackmail is generally levied on the pious under one pretext or another.

The class termed *fakir* (plural *foukara*, poor men) are dervishes who profess to live by and for religion alone, earning a pittance by chanting the *dhikr*, or prayer of invocation, on the birthdays of local saints and other festive occasions. With this trade many, in Cairo and other cities, combine that of water-carriers. The ideal of the *fakir* is summed up in five pious exercises: *aslet a'n-en-nas* (renunciation of society), *el-kheloua* (retreat), *es-sahr* (watching), *es-siam* (abstinence), *ed-dhikr* (continued prayer). *El-arbain*, a fast of forty days, is also enjoined on aspirants to sanctity.

The larger number of the dervish sectaries are, however, affiliated only in the lowest degree, corresponding to the third order of the monastic confraternities of

the West. They, like the tertiaries of St. Francis, St. Dominic, and other Christian orders, are not residents in the monasteries, and their observance of the rule is confined to the recitation of certain prayers in their own homes, and to the wearing of the cap, or other insignia of the order, for a brief period of the day.

The whole economy of the Islamite orders has a close parallelism to that of the Christian confraternities. To the superior general of the one corresponds the *khalifa* of the other, generally a descendant of the founder. He is said to occupy his *sedjada*, or prayer-carpet, and most frequently resides in the place where the order first came into existence. The provincial general of Western communities is represented by the sheikh, or *mo-kaddem*, of the dervish orders, invested with territorial jurisdiction within a given district. A special seal is the symbol of his authority, and he has at his disposal a staff of executive agents, messengers, standard-bearers, and *chaouïch* (beadles or bailiffs). The most important of these functionaries is the *rakhoss*,* or messenger, chosen for his powers of rapid travel, and charged with the most confidential missions, usually transmitted orally in the East.

The spiritual ideal of the dervish orders is the production of the state of trance, frenzy, or convulsion, during which the soul, in the suspension of its bodily consciousness, is supposed to anticipate its reunion with the Infinite. The individual annihilation of the Buddhist *nirwana*, or beatific absorption into the first principle of the universe, is achieved, in the dervish orders, by physical means for producing supersensuous exaltation. Hence the violent character of their devotional exercises, consisting of gyrations of increasing velocity, or frantic vociferations of epithets ascribed to the Deity, the merit of which is in proportion to the rapidity of utterance. Hashish and *khoshkhosh* (poppy) are still more potent means for promoting stupefaction, and under their influence the novice may easily believe himself favored with a foretaste of the joys of Mohammed's elysium. There seems reason to believe that animal magnetism is also used by the sheikhs to control the volition of their disciples, and, as the headship of the order is generally hereditary, the secret and faculty of mesmeric influences may well be matter of family tradition.

* The Dervishes. John Porter Brown. London, 1868.

* From *rakhoss*, to run or bound.

Certain attitudes, such as sitting with the head compressed between the knees, are also resorted to to produce semi-insensibility, the greater pliability of limb enabling them to assume and maintain positions impossible to Europeans.

The novitiate, called, in Turkish, *ikrar*, in Arabic, *ahad* (covenant), is long and arduous, as the *murid*, or aspirant, has to undergo a term of menial service, extending in some orders to one thousand and one days. Termed in Turkish the *karrah kolak*, or jackal of the establishment, he is charged, during his term of apprenticeship, with the lowest offices of the kitchen, recalling the similar exercises of obedience and humility imposed on the neophyte in the monasteries of the West.

The rite of initiation, on the other hand, resembles that of Freemasonry in its principal feature, the exchange of a peculiar handgrip, called *bai'at*, with the sheikh, in which the opposing thumbs meet in an upright position. The guardianship of the door by two armed brethren recalls, too, the functions of the tiler, who, in Masonic lodges, keeps ward at the entrance with a drawn sword. The formula of initiation varies in the different orders, but consists in all of certain prayers, and a pledge of obedience to the sheikh. The adept now receives the insignia of the order, the *hirka* (mantle), *tesbih* (rosary), divided into three sections of thirty-three beads each, for the recitation of the ninety-nine *ismi jelal* (beautiful names, or epithets, of the Divinity); the *tayband*, a woollen belt containing the *palenk*, or cabalistic stone of contentment; the *mengusay*, earrings in the form of the horseshoe of Ali, and the *taj*, a high, semi-conical cap, recalling the Parsi headdress, and divided into segments varying in number according to the order, their name of *terk* (abandonment) signifying that each represents the sacrifice of an evil inclination.

The word *dervish* is Persian, and means in that language the sill of a door; but the sense in which it is applied to a religious is far from clear, and suggests a doubt as to its etymology. The orders are called *tarikats* (paths); the lowest stage of affiliation without residence is *sheri'at* (observance of law); the three higher, after the *murid* has been received, are *tarikats* (paths), *marifat* (knowledge), and *hakikat* (truths).

These general points of constitution and economy the dervish orders possess in common; but they differ in the details of their observances, and even in their re-

ligious doctrines. Thus, the Brahminical belief in the transmigration of souls is held by some; others are suspected of inculcating atheism as the final stage of enlightenment, and the general tendency of all would seem to be towards a semi-panteism resembling Buddhism.

The two orders best known to Europeans, from the singularity of their devotional exercises, are the dancing and howling dervishes. The former, properly styled *Mevleviye*, from their founder, *Mevlevahina*, *Djellah-ed-Din-er-Roumi*, stands highest in wealth and consideration, generally numbering in its ranks the reigning sultan and other members of the imperial family. Their principal monastery is at *Konie* in *Asia Minor*, where the chapter general of the order is usually attended by from four to five thousand monks. The *tekke* of the *Mevleviye* dervishes at *Pera* is the scene every Tuesday and Friday of those strange performances, familiar to English readers from the description of travellers, in which the devotees, pirouetting on the left heel with closed eyes and outstretched arms, circle round the hall in accelerating rotation, until they drop down stupefied from dizziness and exhaustion.

The *Rufaiye*, so called from their founder, *Ahmed-Said-Rufai-el-Khebir*, are popularly described as howling dervishes, from their vociferous invocations of the Deity in a delirious chorus, of which the word *hou* (he) is the refrain. They are distinguished by black banners, and turbans of a very dark shade of green or blue. The adepts perform wonderful feats, swallowing red-hot coals, handling venomous serpents, and seeming to thrust iron spikes into their eyes and cheeks without visible injury.

The *Ahmedieh*, known by their red banners and turbans, deserve mention for the singular ceremony by which the mould, or birthday, of their patron saint is celebrated in Egypt. An ass trained for the purpose enters the mosque, and advances to the tomb of the saint, while all who can approach it pluck out some of its hairs as a charm. A branch of this order, called *Oulad Nouhh*, consists entirely of young men who wear turtoors, or high caps surmounted by top-knops of parti-colored cloth, are fancifully decked with strings of beads, and carry wooden swords, and whips of twisted cords called *firkillah*.

But the most widely influential of the *tarikats*, is that of the *Kadiriye* dervishes, owing to the fame of its founder, *Sidi*

Abd-ul-Kadir-el-Djilani, the most popular of Mussulman saints. This holy man, born at Djil, near Bagdad, in 471 A. H. (1078-1079 A. D.), was a centenarian, reckoning by Mohammedan lunar years, as he lived until 571 A. H. (1175-1176 A. D.). One among the many legends current about him may serve as a specimen of this branch of Mussulman hagiology.

While one day delivering a homily to his followers in Algiers, he was seen to pull off first one and then the other of his slippers, and fling them against the wall, through which they mysteriously vanished. At the same moment, a caravan being attacked by robbers on its way to Bagdad, a mental ejaculation addressed by one of the merchants to the saint was instantly answered by the flight of a slipper in the face of the robber chief. Exasperated at the insult, which he attributed at first to his victims, he was preparing to retaliate on them, when a smart tap on the cheek from the second saintly missile compelled him to recognize the supernatural character of the double-barrelled visitation. He restored the plunder and liberated the captives, who reverently picked up the miraculous slippers and eventually returned them to their owner.*

The tomb of El-Djilani at Bagdad is one of the most venerated shrines of Islam, and pilgrims flock in crowds to the galaxy of sainted sepulchres gathered round it, to which the capital of Haroun-er-Rashid owes its designation of the City of Saints. But the fame of the Asiatic recluse is not confined to his native continent, and throughout Africa as well, his name is constantly on the lips of the devout. As he is in a special sense the patron of beggars, alms are constantly asked in some such formula as the following:—

"Who will relieve me for the love of my lord Abd-ul-Kadir-el-Djilani?"

"Who will give me a dinner for the love of the Sultan of Saints, the patron of Bagdad?"

Dismay at the sight of a fall, or some such casual mischance, is expressed by the bystanders in the cry, "Ya Sidi Abd-ul-Kadir!" and the long-drawn shout of "Abd-ul-Kaa-adir," with which the Soudan camel-drivers urge on their beasts, is an invocation of the favorite saint.

The Kadiyeh order wear in their caps, as a distinctive badge, a rose, embroidered on felt of camel's hair. The origin of

this emblem is referred to a miracle performed by the founder of the order, who, being directed by Khizir (Elias) to proceed to Bagdad, was met at the gates by a messenger from the sheikh bearing a glass brimful of water, as a hint that there was no place for an extra saint in a city already thronged with holy men. Abd-ul-Kadir's reply was miraculously to produce a rose, the season being winter, and place it in the cup, thereby signifying that room would be found for him, even amid the throng. He was instantly acclaimed by all present with the cry, "The Sheikh is our Rose!" and conducted in triumph to the city.

A variety of mystical meanings are attached to this rose. Its four colors,—yellow, white, red, and black, signify the four grades of initiation (the Law, the Way, Knowledge, and Truth), and its three concentric rows of leaves or points have interpretations corresponding to the number in each. The first, composed of five, indicates the five special virtues of the faithful; the second, of six, the six characteristics of faith; the third, of seven, the seven verses of the fatiha, or opening chapter of the Koran, termed the Holy Crown. The seven petals in the centre symbolize the seven names of Allah, while the sum of the eighteen points gives the number of worlds to which the prophet brought mercy, as well as that of the letters (according to Arabic orthography with the vowels omitted) in Bismillah-er-Rahim, er-Rahman—in the name of Allah, the Clement and the Merciful. The heart of the flower is occupied by the crossed triangles, forming the mohur-es-Suleiman (Solomon's seal), in other words, the cabalistic sign of the pentagram, or wizard's foot.

The banners and turbans of the Kadiyeh are white, and in Egypt, where nearly all the fishermen belong to it, nets of green, white, red, and yellow are borne on poles in its processions, as religious standards.

This sect has played a conspicuous part in the present revolt of the Soudan, and furnished, indeed, the principal machinery for its propagation. A sheikh of the Kadiyeh order, Mohammed Ahmed, appealed first to his brother dervishes in the celebrated letter in which, in May, 1881, he proclaimed his pretensions; and to a bodyguard of five hundred of these fighting fanatics, stripped to the waist, and standing round him with naked swords, he owed his defence from arrest by the first Egyptian detachment sent

* Les Saints de l'Islam. Le Colonel C. Trumelet. Paris, 1881.

against him. Since then the warrior monks have formed the backbone of the insurrection, and the splendid fury of the dervish onset has been due to the Arab charge as the steel-tip to the lance.

The history of another of these confraternities is intimately connected with that of the most troubled times of the Ottoman Empire. The Bektashi order, founded by Hadji Bektash, who lived in Asia Minor, in the reign of Amurath I., about 763 A.H., shared through its entire existence, in good report and evil report, the fame and fortunes of the turbulent Pretorians of Eastern Rome. When the celebrated Janissary troops, the first example of a standing army in Europe, were constituted in 1360, as a body-guard for Amurath, the reigning sultan, they were solemnly blessed by Sheikh Hadji Bektash, and named by him *Yani Cheri*, or new troops. The white felt cap worn by him was adopted as their headdress, and most of the Janissaries, who were originally recruited from Christian captives, were enrolled as members of the Bektashi order. Its sheikh was *ex officio* colonel of the 99th Regiment, and eight dervishes were always lodged in the barracks, to offer up perpetual prayers for their fighting brethren.

Among the singularities of the Janissary army was its adoption of culinary names and emblems: thus, the chief officer was called "the distributor of soup," a captain was known as a "master cook," the colonel carried a large ladle as the symbol of his rank, and the standard of the regiments, called *ortas*, was a large pot (*kazan*), the breaking or reversal of which was the signal for revolt.

The splendid achievements of the Janissaries in the field were counterbalanced by the most lawless excesses at home. Sultan after sultan was deposed or assassinated by them, while the treatment of their fellow-subjects may be inferred from their practice of setting fire to a quarter of the city as a means of obtaining audience of their sovereign, whose presence was required by official etiquette, with that of his grand vizier, on the scene of a conflagration.

Nor were the Bektashi dervishes during the same period held in the odor of sanctity, as they were suspected of atheistical tenets and of being allied to the Freemasons; the latter, or some branch of them, known in Turkey as *Fermason*, being in exceedingly bad repute there, from their supposed infidel and socialistic tendencies. The Bektashis were,

moreover, believed to be fomenters of the numerous factions — Reds, Whites, Masked, Intimates, Interpreters, and Kashashin — which convulsed Constantinople during this period. Their solidarity with the Janissaries gave them, undoubtedly, a potent leverage for political intrigue; hence, when the annihilation of the latter was decreed, their fate was shared by their monastic brethren.

The scheme of army reorganization devised in 1826 by Mahmoud II., as a means of curtailing the privileges of his formidable soldiery, was at first accepted by them in ignorance of its true bearing. It was at a great review held on the 14th of June — a date to be thrice scored with crimson, even in the sanguinary annals of Stamboul — that the smouldering discontent in their ranks flamed out suddenly into open mutiny. They marched off the ground, burning and pillaging as they went, and assembling in the Atmeidon, with cauldrons reversed, in token of revolt, demanded the heads of the principal officials of the empire.

Then, for the first time in fifty years, the sandjak cherif, the holy standard of the Prophet, was removed from the imperial treasury, unfurled by the Sheikh-ul-Islam, and borne in solemn procession through the streets. The people streamed in its wake in gathering thousands, until, as its venerable folds were shaken to the breeze high above the Mosque of Ahmed, the whole city rallied to the call as one man, thrilled by the sense of a dire emergency.

Hemmed in by the populace and the loyal soldiery, the mutineers were thrust back to the barracks, there to meet a terrible fate. The buildings being set fire to, eight thousand perished in the conflagration, while still larger numbers were slaughtered throughout the city. The streets literally ran blood, and, for days after, ships passing the blue Bosphorus had to force their way through a ghastly barrier of floating corpses. From fifteen to twenty thousand were estimated to have been slaughtered in the metropolis, and as the example was followed in the provinces, the annihilation of the Janissary army was the work of a few days. It consisted, at the date of its destruction, of four divisions, composed of two hundred and twenty-nine *ortas*, or regiments, of which seventy-seven were in garrison in Constantinople. The sultan was borne on the roll of the 61st *orta*, receiving pay as a soldier in his own army.

On June 17, 1826, the dissolution of the

Janissary army and the suppression of the Bektashi order of dervishes were simultaneously decreed by imperial edict. An offshoot of the latter, however, survived in the Kalendaris, a mendicant fraternity, founded by an Andalusian brother expelled from the parent order.

While the dervish orders have hitherto furnished the aggressive machinery of the Mohammedan Church militant, it is remarkable that the most formidable Islamite combination of the present day has a more secular and purely political character. The Senoussite sect, founded in north Africa, about the middle of the present century, by an Arab of the Beni Senous tribe, from the neighborhood of Tlemsen, in Algeria, is organized on the system of the secret societies of Europe, with uncompromising hostility to Christian civilization as its mainspring of action. From its cradle in the Tripolitan Sahara it has extended its ramifications through all north Africa, from the Somali coast to the mouth of the Senegal. M. Henri Duveyrier,* the eminent explorer of the Sahara, estimates the number of the *khouan*, or brothers, at not less than a million and a half, while that figure may probably be doubled. "Each of these adepts," he says, "is not only *ipso facto* a missionary, but is ready, at the signal of his superior, to transform himself into a propagandist agent, a soldier, a bravo, or even a cowardly poisoner."

To the agency of the sect he ascribes many recent risings in Algeria, and numerous massacres of European travellers, such as that of Mlle. Tinne's party in the Soudan in 1869, and of the Flatters Mission in the Algerian Sahara in 1881. The sultans of Morocco and Wadai are believed to be more or less subservient to its decrees, whilst its influence is felt as a disturbing element in many cities of Egypt, notably in Tintah, and throughout the land of Yemen on the farther shore of the Red Sea. Mussulmans tainted with Western ideas are held by it in a like abhorrence with the odious Nazarene, and its watchword is that Turks and Christians, being on a level, must be annihilated by the same blow.

The founder of the society, dying in 1859, transmitted his authority to his son, Sidi Mohammed-ben-Ali-es-Senoussi, the present sheikh, regarded throughout north Africa with a reverence almost eclipsing that felt for Mohammed himself. Like

his Soudanese rival, he claims the title of mahdi; hence a coalition of the two, despite the identity of their aims, was always, on personal grounds, improbable. There was, indeed, a certain effervescence of enthusiasm for Mohammed Ahmed among Senoussi's followers immediately on the fall of Khartoum, but it rapidly subsided with the subsequent wane in the fortunes of the warrior prophet of the Soudan.

The zaouiyat (colleges or convents) of the Senoussite brotherhood, scattered through the oases of the Sahara, form so many centres of the propaganda of fanaticism. The headquarters of the sect is at Djerabub, in the Libyan Desert, not far from the oasis of Jupiter Ammon, and from this solitude, which he is stated never to have left, Senoussi directs the machinery of his vast organization. Leading there a patriarchal life, surrounded by a numerous family, he is probably devoid of military ambition or capacity; and the sect, while under his leadership, is likely to maintain its present attitude of semi-quiescence. But the volcanic elements are there, and it would require only the vivifying ardor of a fiery spirit to fuse them into the incandescence required to produce a great explosion. The sect in its present phase is an interesting study, as representing one of those multifarious developments of fanaticism, the power of producing which seems ever latent in the teaching of Islam.

E. M. CLERKE.

From Chambers' Journal.

TREASURE TROVE.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

UPON Jasper Rodley's entrance into the house, Bertha had retired to her own room, pleading that she was suffering from the excitement, the fatigue, and the exposure she had undergone; but she could hear a conversation kept up in the dining-room until a late hour, and instinctively felt that Rodley had not come again without a reason. To her surprise, the next morning she found that both her father and his visitor were already downstairs, Jasper Rodley looking out of the window and whistling to himself, the captain with evident agitation marked on his movements and face.

"Bertha," he said, without even giving her the usual morning greeting, "Mr. Rod-

* Bulletin de la Société de Géographie. 2me trimestre. 1884.

ley has come here especially to say that from information he has received, it will be necessary for you at once to decide what course you intend to adopt. There is a chance, he says, that the great evil hanging over our heads may be averted, but it depends upon your answer."

"Mr. Rodley must give me until this evening to think over the matter. I am going into St. Quinians, if possible to see Harry—that is, Mr. Symonds, for even Mr. Rodley will admit that plighted troths are not to be broken in this abrupt manner. I shall be home before dark."

"Then I will see you on your road," said Rodley, "as I am going into the town."

"You need not trouble," said Bertha. "The road is quite familiar to me, and I have no fear of being molested." Then, without waiting to hear whether Jasper Rodley objected or not to the arrangement, she left the house.

In exactly an hour's time, she walked into the town. At the old gate she was confronted by rather a pretty girl, who laid a hand gently on her arm, and said, "You are Miss West, I believe?"

Bertha replied in the affirmative.

"You are in an unhappy and terrible position, and you have very little time to spare, I think?" added the girl.

Bertha looked at her wonderingly, for she could not recall ever having seen her before.

"I mean," explained the girl, who observed that Bertha was surprised at this acquaintance on the part of a stranger with her affairs—"I mean with regard to that man, Jasper Rodley. Yes, I know all about it; and I want, not only to be your friend, but to see that evil-doing meets with its just reward."

The girl was poorly dressed; but her accent and mode of expression were those of an educated woman, and, moreover, she had such a thin, sorrow-lined face, that Bertha felt she could trust her.

"Let me be with you to day," continued the girl, "and you may thank me for it some day. I have long wanted to see you, and have waited here for you often. Never mind who I am—that you shall find out later."

"Very well," said Bertha, who naturally clung to the friendship of one of her own sex. "I am going to see Mr. Symonds—my betrothed."

"The gentleman who was obliged to leave Faraday's Bank, four years ago; yes, I remember," said the girl.

They crossed the market-place together,

and were soon at Harry Symonds's lodgings. The servant, in reply to Bertha's inquiries, said that the young man was so far recovered as to be able to sit up, but that the doctor had ordered him to keep perfectly quiet and to be free from all excitement. So Bertha wrote him a note describing all that had taken place, and begging for an immediate answer. In the course of twenty minutes, the servant handed her a piece of paper, on which was scrawled as follows:—

"MY DEAREST LOVE, — This is written with my left hand, as my right is yet in a sling. I wish I could say all that I want to; but as every moment is of value to you, I will simply keep to business. Take a postchaise home; get the money out of the cavern, and send it here. John Sargent the fisherman is to be trusted; let him come back with it in the postchaise. I will return it to the bank, making up out of my savings whatever difference there is from the original amount stolen. Lose no time, my darling, and God bless you! Ever your affectionate HARRY."

Bertha and the girl hurried away; and just as they entered the Dolphin Inn to order the chaise, they espied Jasper Rodley entering the town watchhouse, the local headquarters of the civil force which in those days performed, or rather was supposed to perform, the duties of our modern constabulary.

"Miss West," said the girl, "I had better remain in the town for the present. At what hour to-day is Jasper Rodley coming to your house?"

"I said I would be home by dark. He will be there before then, to receive my final answer."

"Very well, then; I will be there about that time," continued the girl.

"Will you not even tell me your name?" asked Bertha.

"Yes. My name is Patience Crowell. Till to night, good-bye. Keep up your spirits; all will end well."

In a few minutes the postchaise was ready, and in order to escape the notice of Jasper Rodley was driven round to the town gate, where Bertha jumped in. She stopped at John Sargent's cottage, and mentioned her errand.

"Why," said the old fisherman, "I'm too glad to do anythin' for Master Symonds. He saved my life once at Saint Quinians's jetty, and I've never had no chance of doin' suthin' for him in return like. Come along, miss; if it's to the end of the world, come along!"

As Jasper Rodley might pass by at any moment, Bertha thought it best to keep the chaise out of sight, whilst she and the fisherman, provided with a large net-basket, proceeded to the cliffs. In half an hour's time the bags of coin were safely stowed away in the postchaise; John Sargent jumped in, the chaise rattled off; and Bertha, with a light heart and a heightened color, returned home.

The captain was stumping up and down the little gravelled space in his garden, which from the presence there of half-a-dozen old cannon and a flagstaff, he delighted to call the battery. When he beheld Bertha, he welcomed her with a sad smile, and putting her arm in his, said: "Bertha, lass, I've been thinking over this business ever since you went away this morning, and the more I've thought about it, the more I've called myself a mean, cowardly, selfish old fool."

"Why, father?"

"Because, look here. I've been telling you to make yourself miserable for life by marrying a man you despise and dislike, just so that I may get off the punishment that's due to me. I'm an old man, and in the ordinary course of things, I can't have many years before me. You're a girl with all your life before you, and yet I'm wicked enough to tell you to give up all your long life so that my few years shouldn't be disturbed."

"But father——" began Bertha.

"Let me speak!" interposed the old man. "I've been doing a wicked thing all these four years; but I know what's right. When this man asks you to be his wife to-night, you say no; mind, you say no. If you don't, I will; and you won't marry without my permission."

"Dear father, you leave it to me. I do not promise anything except that by no act of mine shall one hair of your head be touched. Let us talk of other things, for Jasper Rodley will be here soon."

So they walked up and down until the sun began to sink behind the hills inland and the air grew chilly. They had scarcely got into the house, when Jasper Rodley appeared. He bowed formally to Bertha, and offered his hand to the captain, which was declined. "Miss West," he said, "I think I have given you fair time for decision. I have not been so exacting as circumstances justified."

Bertha said nothing in reply, but sat in a chair by the window, and looked out on the sea as if nothing unusual was taking place.

So Jasper Rodley continued: "I will

speak then at once, and to the point. Miss West, will you accept me for your husband?"

"No, I will not," replied Bertha, in a low, firm voice.

Mr. Rodley was evidently unprepared for this, and looked at her with open mouth. "That is your final answer?" he asked after a pause. "You are prepared to see your father, whom you love so dearly, taken from here in custody to be brought up as a common felon?"

"Yes. That is, Mr. Rodley, if you can prove anything against him. Of what do you accuse him?"

"I accuse him of having lived during the past four years upon money which was not his, but which was stolen from Faraday's Bank in Saint Quinians, which was taken off in a vessel called the Fancy Lass, the said vessel being wrecked off this coast."

"Very well," continued Bertha. "What is your proof that he knows anything about this money?"

"One moment before I answer that. You refuse to marry me if I can bring no proof. You will marry me if I do?"

"Show me the proof first," answered Bertha.

"You must follow me, then."

"Not alone. Father, you must come with me."

So the trio proceeded out into the dusk, and, conducted by Jasper Rodley, followed the path leading to the cliffs. Bertha observed that they were followed at a little distance by a man closely enveloped in a long coat, and as they ascended the ledge of rock communicating with the shore, noticed two other figures—those of a man and a woman—watching them.

"It's a very nice little hiding-place," remarked Rodley, when they arrived at the bushes—"a very nice little hiding-place, and it seems almost a pity to make it public property; but a proof is demanded, and sentimental feelings must give way." He smiled as he said this, and kicked the bush aside with his feet, thus uncovering the cavern entrance. They entered the hole, which was now quite dark; but Rodley had come prepared, and struck a light. He then rolled away the stone, and, without looking himself, gave Bertha the light and bade her satisfy her doubts.

"There is nothing here," she said.

"Nothing!" exclaimed Rodley, taking the light from her hand and examining the cavity. "Why! Gracious powers! no more there is! There has been robbery! Some one has been here and has

sacked the bank!" His face was positively ghastly in the weird light as he said this, and under his breath he continued a fire of horrible execrations.

"Well, Mr. Rodley," said Bertha, smiling, "and the proof?"

Rodley did not answer, but moved as if to leave the cavern, when a woman's figure confronted him at the entrance, and a ringing voice said: "Proof! No! He has no proof!"

Rodley staggered back with a cry of rage and surprise. "Patience! Why—how have you got here? I left you at Yarmouth! Ha! I see it all now!"

"Yes," cried the girl, "of course you do. I gave you fair warning, when I found out that you were beginning to forsake me for another; but not until after I had begged and entreated you, with tears in my eyes, to remember the solemn protestations of love you had made me, and the solemn troth which we had plighted together."

"Let me go!" roared Rodley; "you're mad!"

"No, no — not so fast!" cried the girl. She made a signal to some one without, and a man entered.

"Jasper Rodley," continued Patience, "this constable has a warrant for your apprehension on the charge of having been concerned in the bank robbery four years ago. Yes, you may look fiercely at me. I swore that the secret in my keeping should never be divulged. I loved you so much, that I was ready even to marry a thief. But as you have broken your faith with me, I consider myself free of all obligations. Captain West, it was this man who planned the robbery, who had the coin conveyed to his boat, the Fancy Lass, and who alone was saved from the wreck."

Rodley made a desperate rush for the cave entrance; but the constable held him fast, and took him off.

"There, Miss West!" cried the girl; "I have done my duty, and I have satisfied my revenge. My mission is accomplished. Good-bye, and all happiness be with you." And before Bertha could stop her, she had disappeared.

Jasper Rodley was convicted on the charge of robbery, and received a heavy sentence, which he did not live to fulfil. Harry Symonds paid in to the bank the entire sum stolen, the authorities of which offered him immediately the position of manager, which he declined. He and Bertha were married shortly afterwards; but they could not induce the old captain

to move to the house they had taken, for he could not get over the shame of the exposure, and declared that he was only fit for the hermit life he had chosen; but no one outside the little circle ever knew that he had been indirectly concerned in the robbery; and neither Harry nor Bertha alluded to it after.

Of Patience Crowell, who had so opportunely appeared on the scene, nothing was ever known.

From Good Words.

THE TEMPLARS.

BY J. A. FROUDE.

THIRD AND CONCLUDING PAPER.

AT the break of day on the 13th of October, 1307, the Templars were surprised in their beds, carried off to the provincial prisons of the different bishops, and flung into dungeons. More willing gaolers they could not have had. They had long defied the bishops, and the bishops' turn was come. They took on themselves the responsibility of the king's action. Such prelates as were in Paris, with the heads of the University and the abbots and priors of the religious houses, assembled two days after in the Templars' Hall. They drew up an Act of Accusation, in which the knights were described as ravening wolves, idolaters, perjurers, and guilty of the vilest crimes. They asserted, to meet the inevitable incredulity, that the grand master and the preceptors had confessed their guilt. The Templars belonged to Europe—not to France alone. Philip sent circulars to Edward II. of England, to Germany, to the kings of Arragon, Portugal, and Castile, telling his story, and inviting them to follow his example. His letter was read in England with astonishment. A great council was called at Westminster. Edward with his peers and prelates replied that the charges were incredible. The Templars were men of unstained honor. The pope must inquire. He would take no action till the pope had decided. He sent his own protest to his brother princes.

The pope—the poor, infallible pope—was in straits; he had not been consulted before the arrest. He could not refuse an inquiry; yet, perhaps, he knew too well how an honest inquiry would terminate. The king and the bishops had begun the work, and they had no choice but to go

through with it. Before the pope could proceed the bishops might prepare their case. It was winter. The Templars had been flung into cold, damp dungeons, ill-fed and ill-clothed. In the first months they had begun to die of mere hardship. They were informed of the charges against them; they were told that denial was useless. The grand master and preceptors had confessed, and wished them all to confess. They were promised rewards and liberty if they obeyed; with imprisonment and torture if they were obstinate. After some weeks of this, to bring them into a proper frame of mind, the bishops issued commissions to examine them.

And I must now beg you to attend. What I am about to tell you is strict fact; as well authenticated as any historical facts can be, and much better than most. Belief, or the credulity of nobleness, had created the Templars. Belief, the ugly side of it, the credulity of hatred was now to destroy them. Universal confession would alone satisfy the world's suspicions, and confession the king and his prelates were resolved to have. Wasted with hunger and cold, the knights were brought one by one before the bishops' judges. The depositions of the two approvers were formed into interrogatories. Did the knights, on their admission to the order, spit on the cross? Did they deny Christ? Did they receive a dispensation to commit unnatural offences? Did they worship idols? A paper was read to them professing to be the grand master's confession; and to these questions they were required to answer yes or no. A few said yes, and were rewarded and dismissed. By far the greater number said that the charges were lies; they did not believe that the grand master had confessed. If he had they said that he had lied in his throat. And now what happened to the men who answered thus? They were stripped naked, their hands were tied behind their backs; a rope was fastened to them, the other end of which was slung over a beam, and they were dragged up and down till they were senseless, or till they acknowledged what the bishops wanted. If this failed, their feet were fixed in a frame like the old English stocks, rubbed with oil, and held to the fire till the toes, or even the feet themselves, dropped off. Or the iron boot was used, or the thumbscrews, or another unnamable and indescribably painful devilry. Thirty-six of them died under these tortures in Paris alone. The rest so treated

said anything which the bishops required. They protested afterwards that their confessions, as they were called, had been wrung out of them by pain only. They were returned to their dungeons, to be examined again when the pope pleased. But having confessed to heresy, they were told that, if they withdrew their confessions afterwards, they would be treated as relapsed heretics, and would be burnt at the stake. Such was then the Church's law; and it was no idle threat.

I am not telling you a romance. These scenes did actually occur all over France; and it was by this means that the evidence was got together under which the Templars were condemned. But we are only at the first stage of the story.

The confessions were published to the world, and the world, not knowing how they had been obtained, supposed that they must be true. The pope knew better; he remonstrated; he said that the Templars were not subject to the bishops, who were going beyond their power. The king accused him of trying to shield the Templars' guilt. The bishops, he said, were doing nothing but their duty, and the faculty of theology at Paris declared that no privilege could shelter heresy.

The conduct of the grand master and the four preceptors is a mystery. They were evidently bewildered, disheartened, shocked, and terrified, and confessions alleged to have been made by them were certainly taken down and published. It appears also that in January, 1308, three months after the arrest, they were brought before the pope, and they were alleged to have confessed again on this occasion, and to have received absolution from him. But the pope was still dissatisfied. The other powers of Christendom insisted on a fuller inquiry. The formal sanction of the papacy was required before the order could be suppressed, and even Clement, pliable as he was, could not proceed on the evidence before him. In the summer, six months later, seventy-two Templars — seventy-two only of the thousands still surviving in France — were willing to appear before him and give the required answers to the interrogatories. These seventy-two said that they had abjured Christ, had spit on the cross, had worshipped idols, and the rest of it. They were asked why they had at first denied these things. They said that they had forgotten, but had since remembered. Seventy-two, after all that bribes and tortures and threats could do, were not enough. The pope was answerable to

Christendom. The French bishops themselves were on their trial before the rest of the world; the sentence could not rest on their word alone. The pope found himself obliged to appoint an independent commission, when the knights could be heard in their own defence with an appearance of freedom. A cardinal or two, an archbishop, and two or three papal lawyers, were formed into a court which was to sit in Paris. All precautions were alleged to be taken that the Templars should have a fair hearing if they wished it, without fear or prejudice. Every prisoner who would say that he was ready to defend the order was to be brought to Paris to be heard. Notice of the appointment of the commission was sent round to all the courts of Europe.

If Philip, if the bishops, really believed in the Templars' guilt they ought to have welcomed the pope's action. They had been cruel, but if they could prove their case their rough handling would not be judged severely. They were in no haste, however. The commission was appointed in August, 1308. It did not sit for another year. The Templars were now dying by hundreds. Their death-bed declarations were all protests of innocence. The survivors demanded that these declarations should be made public. When they learnt that they were to be heard before representatives of the pope their hopes revived, and more than a thousand at once gave their names as ready to appear in the defence.

In August, 1309, the court was opened. It sat in the Convent of Geneviève. Citations were issued, but no one appeared. The Templars had been brought up to Paris, but they had been told on the way that if they retracted their confessions the pope intended to burn them as relapsed; and after the treatment which they had met with anything seemed possible. They claimed to be heard by counsel. This was refused. The court adjourned till the 22nd of November; when some twenty of the knights were brought in and asked if they were ready with a defence. They said that they were illiterate soldiers; they knew nothing of law pleading. If they might have their liberty with arms and horses they would meet their accusers in the field. That was all that they could do.

It was necessary to begin with the grand master. On the 26th of November, De Molay himself was introduced into the court. He was an old man, battered by a life of fighting, and worn by hard treat-

ment in prison. Being asked what he had to say, he complained of the refusal of counsel. He claimed for himself and the order to be heard before a mixed court of lay peers and prelates. To such a judgment they were willing to submit. They protested against a tribunal composed only of churchmen.

Unfortunately for themselves the Templars were a religious order, and the Church alone could try them. The commission under which the court was constituted was read over. It was there stated that the grand master had made a full confession of the order's guilt; and from his behavior it might have been thought that he was hearing of it for the first time. We have the account of the proceedings exactly as they were taken down by the secretary. He crossed himself thrice. "*Videbatur se esse valde stupefactum.*" He seemed entirely stupefied. When he found his voice he said that if the commissioners had not been priests he would have known how to answer them. They were not there, they replied, to accept challenges. He said he was aware of that, but he wished to God that there was the same justice in France as there was among the Turks and Saracens; among them a false witness was cut to pieces. No confession was produced to which he had attached his hand, and of other evidence there was none. The king's chancellor read a passage from a chronicle to the effect that Saladin, a hundred and twenty years before, had called the Templars a set of villains. Again De Molay appeared stupefied—as well he might. He claimed privilege, and demanded to be heard by the pope in person.

The preceptor of Payens then appeared. He admitted that he had confessed with many of his brethren, but their confessions were false. They had been handed over to a set of men, some of whom had been expelled from the order for infamous crimes. They had been tortured, and many of them had died on the rack. He for himself had had his hands crushed till the blood ran from his nails. He had been flung into a well and left lying there; he had been for two years in a dungeon. He could have borne to be killed—to be roasted, to be boiled—anything which would be over in a moderate time, but such prolonged agonies were beyond human strength. If he was treated so again he would deny all that he was then saying, and confess again. He was remitted to custody, and the commissioners cautioned the gaoler not to deal hardly with

him for what he had said. The caution was necessary. Many of them were still afraid to speak, or would say nothing except that they had been tortured. They would speak if they were set free. As long as they were kept prisoners they dared not. The commissioners, to encourage them, sent out a warning to the bishops, and again assured the knights of protection. The court wanted nothing but the truth. They might tell it freely; no harm should happen to them.

This gave them courage. Six hundred of them now came forward, one after the other, and told the secrets of their prisons, with the infernal cruelties which they had suffered there. A list was produced of those who had died. One very curious letter was read which had been written by a high official and sent to a party of Templars at Sens. It was to the effect that the Bishop of Orleans was coming to reconcile them. They were advised to make submission, and in that case were promised all kindness; but they were to understand that the pope had distinctly ordered that those who retracted their confessions should be burnt. The official in question was called in. He said that he did not think that he could have written such a letter; the seal was his, but it might have been written by his clerk.

One prisoner was carried into the court, unable to stand. His feet had been held to the fire until they had dropt off.

The evidence was still utterly inconsistent. Priests came forward, who said they had habitually heard Templars' confessions, yet had heard nothing of the enormities. Others, on the other hand, adhered to the story, telling many curious details, — how they had been required to spit on the cross, how they had been frightened and refused, but had at last consented — "*non corde sed ore*" — not with their hearts, but with their lips. But the great majority were still resolute in their denials. At last the whole six hundred made a common affirmation that every one of these articles named in the pope's bull was a lie, — the religion of the Templars was pure and immaculate, and so had always been, and whoever said to the contrary was an infidel and a heretic. This they were ready to maintain in all lawful ways, but they prayed to be released and be heard, if not before a mixed tribunal, then before a general council. Those who had confessed had lied; but they had lied under torture themselves, or terrified by the tortures which they witnessed. Some might have been bribed,

which they said was public and notorious; the wonder was that any should have dared to tell the truth. As a refinement of cruelty, the bishops had refused the sacraments to the dying.

The commissioners were now at a loss. Individuals might be worked upon by fear and hope to repeat their confessions, but the great body of the order were consistent in their protest. The commissioners said that they could not hear them all. They had asked for counsel; let them appoint proctors who could speak for them. This seemed fair; but the unfortunate men were afraid of trusting themselves to proctors — proctors, being few, might be tempted or frightened into betraying them. They still trusted the pope. They had been invited to speak, and they had been promised protection. The members of the court had some kind of conscience, and it began to seem likely that the case might not end as the king and the bishops required. They could not afford to let it go forth to the world that the Templars were innocent after all and had been brutally and barbarously treated without sufficient cause; public opinion did not go for much in those days, but they were at the bar of all Europe.

We need not assume that they themselves did not believe in the Templars' guilt; men have a wonderful power of making themselves believe what they wish to believe. If the Templars had been formidable before the attack on them was begun, they would be doubly formidable if they came out of their trial clean as their own white robes; it was necessary to stop these pleas of innocence, and the French prelates were equal to the occasion.

While the pope's commissioners were sitting at St. Geneviève the Archbishop of Sens opened a provincial court of his own in another part of Paris. The list of knights was brought before him who had given their names as intending to retract their confessions. On the 10th of May, 1310, four of the Templars demanded audience of the papal judges. They said that the knights had been invited by the pope to defend the order; they had been told to speak the truth without fear, and had been promised that no harm should happen to them. They now learnt that on the very next day a great number were to be put on their trial before the Archbishop of Sens as relapsed heretics. They said truly, that if this was permitted, it would make the inquiry a farce — it would stain irreparably

the honor of the holy see. They entreated the commissioners to interpose and prevent the archbishop from proceeding.

The commissioners professed to be sorry—they could hardly do less; but they said that the archbishop was not under their jurisdiction. They themselves represented the holy see; the bishops had an independent authority; they had no power over the bishops nor the bishops over them. They did promise, however, to think the matter over and see if anything could be done.

The archbishop would not allow them time for much thinking; he was a sturdy prelate and had the courage of his office. Two days after, on the morning of the 12th, just as the commissioners were going to chapel (they were particular about all these things it seems), word was brought them that fifty-four of the knights who had applied to be heard before them had been tried and sentenced and were to be burnt at the stake that very afternoon. The poor commissioners were really disturbed. They were not prepared for such prompt action—their own dignity, the holy father's dignity, was compromised. They sent in haste to the archbishop, to beg him at least to postpone the execution; every Templar who had died hitherto had declared the order innocent, and these would do the same. If witnesses were invited to speak, and were then burnt for speaking, they would have to close their court. Already the very report of the archbishop's intentions had so terrified the knights that some of them had gone out of their minds.

The archbishop was made of tougher stuff—Fouquier Tinville and the Revolutionary tribunal were not more resolute. To terrify the knights into silence was precisely what he intended. Accordingly that same afternoon, as he had ordered, those fifty-four "poor brothers in Christ," whose real fault had been that they were too faithful to the father of Christendom, were carried out to the Place St. Antoine, near where the Bastille stood, and were there roasted to death. They bore their fate like men. Every one of them, torn and racked as they had been, declared with his last breath that, so far as he knew, the accusations against the order were groundless and wilful slanders. Half-a-dozen more were burnt a day or two after to deepen the effect. The archbishop clearly was not afraid of man or devil. Some say a sensitive conscience is a sign of a weak character. No one can accuse the Arch-

bishop of Sens of having a weak character; he knew what he was doing and what would come of it.

I will read you a declaration made the next day before the pope's commissioners by Sir Amaric de Villiers, one of the prisoners. He said that he was fifty years old and had been a brother of the order for twenty. The clerk of the court read over the list of crimes with which the order was charged. He turned pale; he struck his breast; he raised his hand to the altar; he dropped on his knees. On peril of his soul, he said, on peril of all the punishments denounced on perjury, praying that if he was not speaking truth the ground might open and he might go down quick into hell, those charges were all false. He had confessed on the rack. He had been taken to St. Antoine the evening before. He had seen his fifty-four brethren taken in carts and thrown into the flames. He had been in such fear that he doubted if he himself could endure to be so handled. With such an end before him, he might say if he was brought again before the bishops, and they required it of him, that he had not only denied his Lord, but had murdered him. He implored the judges to keep to themselves what he was then saying. If the archbishop got hold of it, he would be burnt like the rest.

The terror had cut deep. The pope's commissioners had neither the courage to adopt the archbishop's methods or to repudiate and disown them. They sent to him to say that they must suspend their sittings. He answered scornfully that they might do as they pleased. He and his suffragans had met to finish the process against the Templars, and they intended to do it. A few more victims were sacrificed. The rest of the knights, who had offered to speak before the commissioners, were naturally silent. The commissioners could not help them. They withdrew their defence, and the commission was adjourned till the following November.

The tragic story was now winding up. When November came the court sat again, reduced in number and reduced to a form. The duty of it thenceforward was simply to hear such of the order as had been broken into submission, and were willing to repeat the story which had been thrust into their mouths, with such details as imagination or reality could add to it. I do not suppose that the accusations were absolutely without foundation. Very often the witnesses seemed to be

relating things which they really remembered. The Templars were a secret society, and secret societies have often forms of initiation which once had a meaning, with an affectation of solemnity and mysticism. I am not a Freemason. Many of you no doubt are. I have heard that the ceremonies of that order, though perfectly innocent, are of a kind which malice or ignorance might misinterpret, if there was an object in bringing the order into disrepute. You know best if that is so. Somewhere abroad I was myself once admitted into a mysterious brotherhood. I was sworn to secrecy, and therefore I can tell you little about it. I was led through a narrow passage into a vast darkened hall, where some hundred dim, half-seen figures were sitting in silence. I was taken to a table in the middle with a single candle on it. There — but my revelations must end. I could have believed myself before the famous *Vehm-Gericht*. The practices alleged against the Templars as crimes were in fact most of them innocent. They were accused of worshipping a skull; some said it had jewels in its eyes, some that it had none. An accidental question brought out that it was a relic of an Eastern saint, such as any Catholic might treat with reverence. The officers of the order were accused of hearing confessions and giving priestly absolution, and this was a deadly offence. By the rules of the order the lay superiors were directed to hear confessions and inflict penance. Confusion might easily arise.

The novices were said to receive licenses to commit an abominable sin, yet there was scarcely a single knight who could be brought to say that he had even heard of such a sin being committed.

The spitting on the cross and the denial of Christ are less easy to explain. Thousands of the knights absolutely denied that such outrages were ever seen or heard of, yet a great many did with considerable consistency describe a singular ceremony of that kind. It has been supposed that the Templars by their long residence in Syria had ceased to be Christians, and had adopted Eastern heresies, that they were Gnostics, Manichees, or I know not what. This is a mere guess, and I do not think a likely one. They were mere soldiers. They were never a learned order. They left no books behind them, or writings of any kind. The services in the Templars' churches were conducted with peculiar propriety. Every witness declared that the very crosses

which they said had been spit upon were treated afterwards with the deepest reverence. Nor was there really any attempt at concealment. Those who had been frightened at the forms of initiation were told to go and confess, often to secular priests in the neighborhood. Several instances of such confessions were produced. The confessors sometimes had treated what they heard as of no consequence. They had satisfied their penitents' consciences, not always in the same way. One said that it was meant as a trial of constancy. The Saracens if they were taken prisoners would require them to deny Christ or be killed. The officers of the order wanted to see how they would abide the test. Another said it was a trial of obedience. The novice swore to obey his superiors in all things without exception. The severest test possible may perhaps have been occasionally tried. In no instances at all was it ever suggested that the forms of initiation pointed to any real impiety.

So strange a tale is not likely to have rested upon nothing. I suppose the custom may have varied in different houses. Men are men, and may not have been uniformly wise. But the more one reads the evidence the plainer it becomes that the confessions, and even the terms of them, were arranged beforehand. The witnesses produced after the commission met again told one tale. If they ever varied from it they were brought swiftly back into harmony. Sir John de Pollencourt gave the stereotyped answer. He had spat on the cross. He had done this and that; but we read in the record: The commissioners, seeing him pale and terrified, bade him for his soul's welfare speak the truth whatever it might be. He need not fear. They would tell no one what he might say. He hesitated; then, on his oath, he declared that he had spoken falsely. He had not denied Christ. He had not spat on the cross. He had not received license to sin. He had confessed before the bishops in fear of death; and because his fellow-prisoners said that they would be killed unless they admitted what the bishops required.

The commissioners were not as secret as they promised to be. Sir John de Pollencourt was made to know behind the scenes what would happen to him if he was not submissive. Accordingly, four days after, the same witness was brought in again, withdrew his denial and again confessed. It is easy to see what had happened in the interval.

So handled, the rest of the process went on smoothly. Parties of knights who had escaped the torture-chambers of the bishops and thus had not been forced into confession continued to speak out. On one occasion twenty or thirty appeared in a body, and pointed to the red crosses brodered on their clothes. That cross, they said, signified that they would shed their blood for their Redeemer. If, as they were told, their grand master had confessed that they had denied Christ, or if any of their brethren had confessed it, they had lied in their throats, to the peril of their own souls. But the mass of the knights had by this time abandoned their cause as hopeless. By the end of nine months a sufficient number of so-called confessions had been repeated before the commissioners to satisfy the pope's scruples. The commissioners were themselves only too eager to wind up the scandalous inquiry. Not so much as an effort had been made to discover the real truth. The result was a foregone conclusion, and every utterance which could interfere with it had been stifled by cord or fire. The report was sent to Clement. A council of bishops was called together. It was laid before them and accepted as conclusive. The order of the Templars was pronounced to have disgraced itself, and was suppressed. The sinning knights were scattered about the world—some went back to the world—some became Benedictines or Cistercians. Some gave their swords and services to secular princes, having had enough of the Church. Some disappeared into their families. Their estates the pope had insisted must be reserved to the Church, and were nominally given to the Knights Hospitallers. But the king extorted such an enormous fine from them that the Hospitallers gained little by their rivals' overthrow.

The grand master's end remains to be told. The confession which he and three of the head preceptors were alleged to have made are extant, and resembled the rest, but we have seen how he behaved when the confession attributed to himself was read over to him before the commissioners. He had appealed to the pope, but without effect, and had been left with the three preceptors in prison. When the edict for the suppression was issued, and the other knights were dismissed, De Molay and his companions were sentenced to perpetual confinement. But the world was, after all, perhaps less satisfied of the Templars' guilt than Philip could have wished, and in some way or other it was

necessary to convince the public that the grand master's confession was genuine.

The bull of suppression was to be read aloud to the people of Paris. It was brought up with special solemnity by a bishop and a cardinal, and De Molay and the others were to be publicly shown upon a stage on the occasion. On the 18th March, 1314, a platform had been erected in one of the squares, with chairs of state for the cardinal, the Archbishop of Sens, and other distinguished persons. The grand master and his comrades were produced and were placed where the world could see them. The cardinal rose to read the sentence. When he came to the list of enormities of which, as the bull alleged, the Templars had been found guilty, and when the grand master heard it stated that he had himself admitted the charges to be true, he rose up, and in a loud voice which every one could hear, he cried out that it was false.

Philip himself was not present, but he was in Paris and not far off. Word was brought him of the grand master's contumacy. Not troubling himself with forms of law, he ordered that the grand master should be instantly burnt, and his provincials along with him, unless they saved themselves by submission. Two of them, Sir Hugh von Peyraud and Geoffrey de Gonville, gave in and were sent back to their dungeons. De Molay and the third were carried directly to the island in the Seine, and were burnt the same evening in the light of the setting sun.

In his end, like Samson, he pulled down the fabric of the prosecution. There was thenceforward a universal conviction that the Templars had been unjustly dealt with. The popular feeling shaped itself into a tradition (possibly it was a real fact), that as the flames were choking him, the last grand master summoned the pope and the king to meet him before the tribunal of God. Clement died in agony a few weeks after. A little later Philip the Beautiful was flung by a vicious horse, and he too went to his account.

A very few words will tell now how the Templars fared in the rest of Europe. There was no real belief in their guilt; but their estates had been given to them for a purpose which no longer existed. They were rich, and they had nothing to do. They were an anachronism and a danger. When the pope agreed to their suppression, there was no motive to resist the pope's decision; and they did not attempt to resist it themselves. Nothing

is more remarkable in the whole story than the almost universal acquiescence of an armed and disciplined body of men in the pope's judgment. They had been trained to obedience. The pope had been their sovereign. The pope wished that they should cease to exist; and they fell to pieces without a word, unless it were to protest their innocence of the crimes of which they were accused.

In England Philip's charges had at first been received with resentful incredulity, but neither king, nor peers, nor Church had any motive to maintain the Templars after the pope had spoken. For form's sake there was an investigation in the lines of the French interrogatories, but there was no torture or cruelty. They knew that they were to go, and that they would be dealt with generously. The process was a curious one. As a body the English Templars stated that the forms of admission to the order were, as far as they knew, uniform. What was done in one house was done in all. If any of the brethren liked to depose to this or that ceremony being observed they would not contradict them, and thus the difficulty was got over. A certain number of knights were ready to give the necessary evidence. Some hundreds of outside persons, chiefly monks or secular priests, deposed to popular rumors, conversations, and such like, names not given; a certain person heard another person say this and that. What was got at in this way was often not dreadful. A preceptor in Lincolnshire had been heard to maintain that "men died as animals died;" therefore, it might be inferred that he did not believe in immortality. Templars sometimes had crosses worked into their drawers; therefore they were in the habit of sitting upon the cross. The English evidence throws light often on the manners of the age, but I cannot go into that. I have tried your patience too long already. I will, therefore, sum up briefly.

When all is said the story is a strange one, and I cannot pretend to leave it clear of doubt. But no lawyer, no sensible man, can accept as conclusive evidence mere answers to interrogatories extorted by torture and the threat of death. A single denial made under such circumstances is worth a thousand assents dragged out by rack and gibbet. If the order had really been as guilty as was pretended, some of the knights at least would have confessed on their death-beds. Not one such confession was ever pro-

duced, while the dying protestations of innocence were all suppressed. The king and the inquisitors force us into incredulity by their own unscrupulous ferocity. It is likely enough that, like other orders, the Templars had ceremonies, perhaps not very wise, intended to impress the imagination, but that those ceremonies were intentionally un-Christian or diabolical, I conceive to be entirely unproved. They fell partly because they were rich, partly for political reasons, which, for all I know, may have been good and sound; but the act of accusation I regard as a libel invented to justify the arbitrary destruction of a body which, if not loved, was at least admired for its services to Christendom.

It remains only to emphasize the moral that institutions can only be kept alive while they answer the end for which they were created. Nature will not tolerate them longer, and in one way or another shakes them down. The Templars had come into existence to fight the infidels in Palestine. Palestine was abandoned to the infidels, and the Templars were needed no longer. They were outwardly strong as ever, brave, organized, and in character unblemished, but the purpose of them being gone, they were swept away by a hurricane. So it is with all human organizations. They grow out of men's necessities, and are mortal as men are. Empires, monarchies, aristocracies, guilds, orders, societies, religious creeds, rise in the same way, and in the same way disappear when they stand in the way of other things.

But mankind are mean creatures. When they destroy these creations of theirs they paint them in the blackest colors to excuse their own violence. The black colors in which Philip the Beautiful and his bishops were pleased to paint the Templars will, perhaps, if history cares to trouble itself about the matter, be found to attach rather to the extraordinary men calling themselves successors of the Apostles who racked and roasted them.

From The Saturday Review.

JACOBAN HOUSES IN THE NORTH.

TRACES of the social conditions of the seventeenth century may be found recorded, amidst the hills and valleys of some of the northern counties, in a little-known chapter of architectural history.

On the Yorkshire side of the Pennine chain, whence the Wharfe, Aire, and Calder flow eastward, and further north also, in Westmoreland and elsewhere; there remain, in very many places, quaint Jacobean houses or gateways, or stone-built cottages or fragments of moss-grown walls, that tell where some Cavalier or Roundhead, some forgotten farmer or cloth-master, dwelt long ago. Perhaps, on the sun-dial over the porch, a moral saying may be found, such as "*Ab hoc momento pendet æternitas*;" or the gateway may have a hospitable inscription, like that on a house destroyed not long ago at Morley, in Yorkshire, "*Porta patens esto; nulli claudaris honesto*;" or there may be some pithy rhyming motto, as "*Nunc mea, mox hujus, sed postea nescio cujus*," which is carved over a doorway at Barkisland Hall, where lived Sir Richard Gledhill, who was slain in 1644 amongst the Royalists at Hessay Moor. Most of these houses are decayed now, but originally they were the dwelling-places of the gentry and of substantial yeomen, and here and there one still remains whose greatness time has not diminished, such as Heath Hall, near Wakefield, and Woodsome, the ancient residence of the Kays. But, wherever one goes, such places have a generic character of their own, that sprang from local feeling and physical conditions; they are altogether distinct from houses of the same date in the neighboring counties of Lancaster and Chester, and in the south and midlands; though in localities where the circumstances were similar, of which the Isle of Wight is an instance, many similar to them can be found.

In the north such houses stand usually on the hillsides, often apart, where the wind from the moorland heights beyond rattles the boughs of their yew-trees together, and where the murmur of the river, as it rolls over the weir in the bottom of the valley, can be heard in the summer evenings. Not seldom, where the stream winds and there is a rounded knoll overlooking it, the smoke may be seen curling from a seventeenth century chimney, and, as one ascends the height — perhaps by some narrow road paved with gigantic blocks of stone, over which the gnarled roots of trees project from the high banks at the sides — the tall gables begin to rise in front, with their quaint pinnacles and balls atop, and presently there is a rough stone wall, and a gate at the entrance to the garden. It is an old-fashioned garden, too, with weedy paths, bordered by

pink and white daisies, and where "lad's-love," hollyhocks, columbines, and all manner of olden flowers grow, with gooseberries and raspberries, too. The house itself is a typical one of the sort, neither very great nor very poor, but one wherein comfort was wont to be, and where, in a sense, it is yet, though a farmer sits in the Cavalier's chamber, and his wife has cabbages in the lady's herb garden. The building is of dark millstone grit, in large ashlar blocks, green and mossy, and the roof is of thin slabs of sandstone, and grass has taken root in its angles, and at the base of the chimney stacks; between the gables, gurgoyles project, showering water down when it rains, and the mosses are greenest below them, where the moisture runs. The house is of two stories, divided externally by a projecting string-course with simple mouldings; and beneath each gable, on both floors, is a window deeply recessed, and divided into many lights by mullions and transoms; and each window has a water-table above it, whose ends are curiously carved. The place is not, however, monotonous with a repetition of these features, for, between two of the gables, we perceive the long roof of the great hall, a chamber lighted by an immense window, reaching from floor to ceiling, and, when we enter, we shall find that remains of painted glass are there. Again, near the hall is the chief entrance, a projecting porch, with Ionic pillars at the side and a doorway with a Tudor arch, over which are carved the initials or arms of the builder and the date. There are seats within the porch, where pots of flowers are often placed, and where we may have shelter from sun and rain, and there is a pleasant porch-chamber above which was once a boudoir, and this, between its Ionic pilasters resting on those of the doorway below, has a rose window, with cusped openings, that would do credit to the best time of the decorated; but there is a true Jacobean ball on the gablet. If we walk round the house we shall find other doorways and gables and windows, with characteristic carvings and inscriptions here and there, and there are others which the ivy conceals from view.

Entering at the oaken door, whose iron knocker gave many a heart beat to the timorous lady within in the troublous times of the wars, lest ill news came thereby, we find ourselves in a broad passage, somewhat dark at any time, whence we reach the great hall itself. In our typical house the ceiling of this room rises into the gable; but it is plastered, and

there are mouldings at all the angles. Indeed, the sculptor and plasterer have been busy throughout the house; here in the hall they have put the royal arms over the mantel, with the date, covering the entire chimney-breast, and on the walls are the arms of the chief royal commanders, with much scroll-work and grotesque animal life, all gay with color originally, though they are whitewashed and battered now. The opening of the fireplace was very wide and had a Tudor arch, beneath which one could have sat before they bricked it up to enclose a modern grate. Resting upon an Ionic pillar at each side of it is the wooden mantelpiece, divided into deeply recessed panels by quaint caryatid figures curiously carved, and the panels are inlaid with devices and patterns or elaborated with chisel-work. To the height of the top of this mantelpiece the whole room is wainscoted in oak, which reflects everything even now, so well do the tenants polish it; and opposite to the window is an open staircase, which gives access to the "minstrel's gallery," so called, running round three sides of the room, where we can see that some portraits still hang. A few pieces of ancient furniture yet remain in the area — a chair or two, a langsettle, and a chest, all panelled with the characteristic flat carving of the seventeenth century in rude Renaissance patterns, and with the favorite vine ornament round the borders. There are, too, a few fragments of painted armorial glass in the diamonds of the huge window, such as its twenty-seven lights were once filled with, and these will disappear ere long. Indeed, the chamber and the house are sadly decayed, and everywhere the ignorance of the peasant occupier defaces what the taste of the builder had adorned them with. The hall was the chief room of the mansion, where guests met, and assemblies were held, and great banquets given. Often it differed from our typical specimen; the ceiling might be flat, and the window smaller; the gallery might be on one side of the room only, or on four; and, instead of the royal arms, might be those of the owner, with inscriptions, as "Feare God; honour the kinge," and "Laus Deo," which may yet be seen in some Yorkshire houses. The parlors and other rooms on the ground floor are smaller, most of them panelled in oak, carved here and there, and some of them have good sculptured chimneypieces and elaborate plaster-work. But the finest plaster-work is in the "solars" or upper rooms, reached from the gallery in the

hall; in them some of the geometrical ceilings are of the utmost richness, and they, too, have their armorial bearings and grotesque sculptures, with pithy mottoes, such as the century delighted in. From these upper windows fine views are had over the country, of hill and winding vale, and on many a grassy slope, or embosomed amidst the woods, we can see other houses, or the remains of them, built when this was built, and all of them with some point worthy of the study of architect and antiquary.

Woodsome Hall, near Almondbury, in Yorkshire, alluded to above, is one of the best examples of such north-country houses, and is fortunately preserved much in its original condition by its owner, the Earl of Dartmouth. Standing in a beautiful wooded district, the house is a pleasant and picturesque place to visit, with its many gables, pinnacles, and great chimneystacks, and the well-kept gardens about it. Unlike most of such houses, Woodsome has a paved terrace and balustrade to the main front, and it encloses a quadrangular court, and has many pieces of old furniture and family portraits within, about which a great deal might be said. It was built in the time of Henry VIII., and was long the residence of the Kays, who refronted and enlarged it in the year 1600, and from whom it came by marriage to the family of its present owner. Another fine example of the style is Heath Hall, near Wakefield, which stands overlooking the Calder, and has the unusual feature of embattled turrets at its angles. This also was a residence of the Kays, whose arms, along with those of Queen Elizabeth, are over the principal entrance. Again, near Birstall, is Oakwell Hall, an ancient place, with traditions, which was the original of "Field Head," in Charlotte Brontë's "Shirley," and not far away stand the ruins of Howley Hall, once a great house, and a place of the Saviles, which the Earl of Newcastle took by storm from Sir John, on behalf of the king. It would be tedious to name a tithe of such mansions to be found amongst the Yorkshire hills alone; and it must suffice to say that, wherever a location of men has been in those parts, there also has been, and generally in some sort still is, at least one fine stone-built "hall" or "hall-house," or other substantial habitation. It is true that all these places have not been tenanted by the great, but have been, many of them, the comfortable homes of wealthy manufacturers of cloth goods, who had their hand-looms near by,

or of large farmers; but it speaks well for the prosperity of the north in Stuart times that such evidences yet remain, in every hamlet amongst the hills.

Still, something is to be said about each of these houses; some record remains of its builders, some story of their prowess or their extravagance, perhaps, and a date and initial at least are there to tell us something about them, leaving a wide margin for conjecture and for the building up of fancies and images of picturesque times and wild doings there long ago. We may conjure up a "Wuthering Heights" from many of them, peopling their barren chambers half with creations of our own, for they are partly peopled with stories already. Perhaps the owner was a commonplace farmer, a business-like trader, or a humdrum justice of the peace; but if so, he is forgotten, and more picturesque stories are repeated to us. Of many of these places we get definite history; there is High Sunderland, near Halifax, abounding in classic inscriptions, with its tales of the Royalist Langdales; there is Bowling Hall, the home of the Bollings and the Tempests, where the Duke of Newcastle had his headquarters in 1642, during the siege of Bradford, and where, if tradition be true, he was turned from his purpose of sacking that town by the apparition of a lady, who begged him plaintively to "pity poor Bradford;" there is Farnley Hall, in Wharfedale, where they show the hat which Cromwell wore at Marston Moor, and his watch and sword also, and the swords of Fairfax and Iretton, and where, too, Turner made his home, and left numbers of his best drawings; and there was Lumb Hall, at Drighlington, which had a prominent place in relation to the battle of Adwalton Moor.

If we except a few seventeenth-century houses in the north which are maintained in their original condition, we shall find that the vast majority of them, hundreds in number, owing to change of times and the shiftings of population, have fallen into ruin or decay, or are broken up into cottages and much defaced. Many of them were the scene of the local manufacture of cloth in the days when the handloom weaver worked at home, and in some of them remains of broken looms may yet be found. Now many of the cottagers are engaged in the same manufacture; but they wend their way instead to the huge mills which have been erected often in the vicinity, or they are farmers, graziers, or artisans. But they have a dim sense that their houses are not as other

houses, and are very proud when artists are attracted to them. They will tell strange tales, too, of recusants and hiding-places, or of the Puritans and the Covenant, and perhaps Wesley or some other noted preacher preached there. But often it is a ghost who walks the silent chambers by night, and has perchance been seen in the moonshine, and is often heard even now, especially when the wind rises and the windows rattle; then, indeed, he drags his weighty chain in the staircases, and his foot is heard in the gallery. Perhaps it is the unquiet spirit of a former owner, who came to his death by foul play, or was drowned in the river near by, and whose body, they will tell you, was laid on the hall table until the coroner knew the rights of it. Or it may be some poor lady who flits through the house, and taps at the doors or sighs in the chambers at night-time, like the poor "baronetess," Lady Bowles, whose unquiet spirit haunts, or did quite recently, the old hall and gardens of Heath, near Wakefield. But at any rate 'tis some harmless spirit, whom it is pleasant to hear of, and whose mysterious footfall lends a romantic charm to what, on other grounds, is very charming already.

From The Spectator.

THE CHATEAUX OF TOURAINE.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

THERE is no province of France fuller of fine and curious old houses, of ghosts, legends, and old family traditions, than the province of Anjou; but perhaps, to a foreigner in France, any deep interest in these things is what one may call an acquired taste. You must live a certain time within the old white walls three yards thick, you must love the voice of frogs and owls, you must breathe the pure, simple air, must lay aside your Teuton searchings of heart, must believe what is told you, laugh, be philosophical, accept a civilization which is in some ways oddly different from your own, — all this before the old French spirit, still alive in those sun-baked, tapestried châteaux, those white villages among the woods, along by the little rivers, where the trembling poplars shed on grass and water their downy blossoms like a shower of snow, can lay hold on you with its indescribable charm. Still, with all opportunities, the love of Anjou will never be an universal sentiment. Most people like deeper colors,

broadier outlines, finer architecture, real history; and all these they can find in Anjou's very distinguished sister province, Touraine.

From their own beauty, splendor, and historical interest, and from the people who lived in them, there is not a more remarkable group in France than the five châteaux lying east of Tours, near the Loire,—Chenonceaux, Amboise, Chaumont, Blois, Chambord. French people visit them constantly; in the train, in the little country omnibus, on the sunny roads, in the grand, gloomy old rooms, you meet cheerful family parties, father, mother, and children, with round straw hats, brown, agreeable faces, and large bunches of wild flowers in their hands. I do not know whether English travellers are pleased to despise them; but certainly I met no English during the few days I spent among them. And even of the French there were comparatively few, not enough to disturb the strange atmosphere of silence and loneliness which now surrounds these old royal houses, once built, and loved, and lived in by some of the most brilliant people in Europe.

There is something mysterious in the beauty of Chenonceaux; it is like a fairy palace, a place seen in a dream. It is so unique, that Queen Catherine de' Medici's great fancy for it does not seem strange. Chaumont, which she gave to the Duchesse de Valentinois in a forced exchange for it, is a much more ordinary sort of castle; though, for myself, I would rather have Chaumont, which has more human associations for me.

Chenonceaux is a hidden place; though the old village, with its dark climbing roofs and bright flowers, must always have been near it, there is no friendliness, no lordliness even, in the attitude of château to village. It is the beautiful house of an enchanter, of a witch, of a bad fairy,—certainly it was, in the days of Catherine. One fancies that even to this day the villagers may be a little shy of going down that avenue, of passing the tremendous pride and scorn of those two sphinxes which guard the entrance to the *cour d'honneur*. And yet the sun is shining over the broad space of glowing gravel, the great stiff garden on the left is full of roses, and the palace seems to smile as it fronts you, white and grey, with its beautiful windows, and all its turrets and chimney tops crowned with a gilded flourish of vanes. It does not stand on dry ground, this fairy building; the river Cher flows under it round it, ripples

about its feet forever; a peacefully flowing river, with green islands here and there, and great trees on the farther bank, to which there is no bridge but the château itself. For nearly four hundred years now, the Cher has reflected those walls and turrets and windows, and the strange contrasts of men and women who have lived there. And before those days, the river, so much older than all, only reflected a mill. But the mill, and the estate, and an old manor hard by, fell into the hands of M. Thomas Bohier in 1496, and he, who must have been a man of imagination, built this splendid house on the foundations of the mill. He no doubt dreamed of founding a family; but the son who succeeded him, and for whom he may have meant the device, *S'il vient à point, me souviendra*, did not keep up his remembrance long, but became bankrupt—the Bohiers were Norman tax-collectors—and in this way Chenonceaux passed into the hands of King François I., who made a very splendid hunting-box of it. With Henri II. began its days of greater splendor, as the home of Diane de Poitiers, who played very much with her new toy, and built the wonderful bridge which connects the great *pavillon* with the other bank of the Cher. Then came dark days, splendid still, but with witchcraft and cruelty added to other wickedness, when Catherine drove out Diane and lived in her house. Even now her portrait looks down with a sort of cold triumph; it is a pale, refined, sly, cruel face. One wonders that the artist dared to give her that false look. "*Elle a l'air de ses œuvres*," says the *gardien*, who has no weakness for kings and queens.

One feels as if a better time for Chenonceaux may have been its ownership by Louise de Vaudemont, who mourned here for her murdered husband, Henri III. And then, in later days, its associations are more brilliant, though not exactly charming. One can picture pretty well what M. and Mme. Dupin were, amiable *philosophes* of the eighteenth century, entertainers of Rousseau, Voltaire, Bolingbroke, and so on. Chenonceaux has never been a high or a holy place; its associations are not exactly sweet at any time of its history, though brilliant with all the attraction that each age could give. Mme. Dupin, they say, was entirely spared by the Revolution, which only demanded of her, then a very old woman, to burn some deeds and pictures rather too aristocratic. Very nice of the Revolution; and Mme. Dupin was no doubt a most

agreeable and delightful person. But I, coming from Anjou, have learnt to love the old ladies who were guillotined.

Mme. Pelouze, the present owner of Chenonceaux, has restored it within and without; the rooms are magnificently arranged, in style François Premier, style Louis Treize, etc. I rather think that the great taste and knowledge of M. Charton, who has beautified so many of the Anjou châteaux, have been at work here too. But its outside beauty is, perhaps, the most impressive thing about Chenonceaux. When I was there, nobody was at home, nobody moving about the place. A country-woman, in her blue gown and white cap, might cross the court with a basket; but her steps died away, and then there was no sound, except the gentle splash of the river against those great old piers, and the distant rustling of the tall trees in the avenue. I stood on the terrace looking for a long time, till I went slowly back to breakfast at Le Bon Laboureur, in the midst of pottery and photographs and flowers. Then I very nearly rushed back down the avenue again, at the risk of missing my train, to make quite sure that I had not been dreaming all the morning, and that the Château de Chenonceaux was real.

Chaumont, the exchange for Chenonceaux, older than it by four hundred years, is a contrast to it in every way. Not possessing its singular beauty, not suggestive of magic or wickedness, though Catherine's cabalistic signs are to be seen everywhere, and her astrologer, Ruggieri, lived and worked in one of those round towers. Her own bed-curtains, stripes of olive-green velvet and faded silk embroidery, her *prie-Dieu*, her *livre d'heures*, her candlestick, and many other relics, have probably always been at Chaumont; and the old rooms, rugged, ancient, hung with Beauvais tapestry, and floored with dark, glazed tiles, have been arranged with a taste, a *vraisemblance*, which, to my mind, surpasses the splendid restoration of Chenonceaux. Here you have not the reproduction of the old, but the old itself, — rusty, worn, threadbare, and real. Diane's portrait smiles from the wall of her own room. She does not look as if she hated Chaumont; though anyone who loved Chenonceaux must have found it, as a building, a somewhat dismal exchange.

As a building only; for the situation of Chaumont is magnificent. It stands high above the Loire, with its village about its feet, and from a distance looks truly ma-

jestic and royal. It is not very easy to visit, being more than half an hour's walk from the little Onzain station, on the line between Amboise and Blois. And walk you must, for there is no omnibus or conveyance to take you there. Perhaps the afternoon sun is blazing down, that June day, on the long road that leads to the Loire. But the poplars give a little shade, straight and tall as the are, and there is a pleasant green roadside to walk on, and in ponds and marshy places below the road, intersected by lines of poplars and willows, the frogs are croaking deliciously. The sound takes one back to a certain dear avenue in Anjou, and makes one forget heat and dust, and the uncertain distance of Chaumont; makes one even forget to envy the men and women in blue who jog by, drawn by strong white horses, and look a little curiously at the traveller walking alone.

Then we come to the suspension bridge over the great, wide, slow-flowing Loire. There is Chaumont at last, far away, high up on the left bank, a group of grey towers rising out of trees, high above the village and the church spire. It looks an alarmingly long way off still. "Défendu de trotter:" so the white horses with their carts go stumping and rumbling on over the wooden bridge, and the solitary tourist follows them. It takes about ten minutes to cross the river here. Then the road goes up through the village, past various quaint old buildings, till you turn into the shady avenue of the château, climbing up, up into the park, where they are making hay, and immense cocks stand about among beds of roses and geraniums. Round about an English château these grass slopes and banks would be kept in a very different kind of order; but we have no trim lawns here.

There among the hay-cocks you may meet a sweet-faced old woman who stops to talk to you, and makes two discoveries which delight her — that you are English, and travelling alone. And perhaps when you have seen the château and its wonders, and have lingered as long as you can on the beautiful terrace above the Loire, you may stroll down through hay and roses to her shady lodge by the gate, and drink milk out of a little brown pot, and talk confidentially to her and her sturdy old husband. And if she has loved you at first sight, you may find some sweet pink roses waiting for you, and she may run out into the sunshine, before you part, and fetch scented geranium leaves for you to take home to England. *Au*

revoir, dear old friends! friends of a quarter of an hour! "Nous sommes très vieux," she says, with a smile and a sigh, and her husband adds that they have been there fifty years already. Anyhow, if I never see you again, you are the one sweet human touch that endears the recollection of Chaumont.

E.

From St. James's Gazette.
BEACONSFIELD.

NO two men differed more in character than Burke and Waller. The former, as we all know, was high-minded and courageous, with a lofty ideal of political morality and with well-matured political opinions. The latter was essentially a man of the world, with no strong political convictions, and not very eager to stand by such as he had. He was timid in character and a timeserver, but he should not therefore be judged by too strict a standard; for he lived in a time of difficulty for men of moderate views and moderate courage. It is only fair to bear in mind that, before the Long Parliament took the bit between its teeth, Waller made a moderate and an open protest against its ecclesiastical intolerance. His acquiescence in the Protectorate was a certain consequence of the tendency of a moderate-minded and not very energetic man to make the best of existing political conditions. His intimacy with Cromwell was natural; he was a relative; and Waller was far too clever not to appreciate the Protector and to cultivate his personal relationship with him. With these vast dissimilarities in the character and the conduct of these two men, there exists the broad likeness that both were politicians and men of letters, and both men of prominence in the State affairs of their time. It would be ridiculous to compare a statesman and a political philosopher like Burke with an intriguing politician and poet like Waller. But in the minds of many of us they will always be inseparably coupled, in spite of many differences and of the gulf of long years which separates them. The bones of both lie within a stone's throw of each other in the quiet Buckinghamshire town of Beaconsfield.

It requires little imagination to picture Beaconsfield as it was in the time of Burke. The houses are very nearly the same; an air of intense quietness still pervades it. A broad street of low white

houses is intersected in the middle by two shorter ways. This point is the centre of the place. The grey church, with a row of dark-foliaged elms in the roadway near a slip of pleasant green turf, and an old-fashioned inn or two, make up the simple picture. There is no bustle. Here a laborer lounges from his work, or a woman goes her errand to the village post. There is no difficulty in going back for a century here. We almost expect to see one of Miss Austen's heroines walk out in poke bonnet and short-waisted dress. We should not be surprised to see Mr. Bennett standing on a doorstep, contemptuously watching his family depart to pay a morning call on Mr. Bingley. It is like several other towns — if such they may be called — which lie in the parts of Buckinghamshire between Aylesbury and Uxbridge. Such are Amersham and Chesham and Wendover. Waller for years represented Amersham; and Burke was member for Lord Verney's borough of Wendover till he took his seat for Bristol in 1774. Such change as there has been at Beaconsfield has tended towards a greater quiet; for coaches do not now rattle through the place with passengers for Oxford and the west, and guards and drivers and stablemen no longer bustle about the Saracen's Head and the Old White Hart. A few steps down the street towards Hedgerley, and we come to the grey, square-towered church. The passenger along this road notices at once a great walnut-tree on the south-east side of the churchyard, not many yards from the street, which overhangs an unsightly tomb enclosed by high iron railings. It is a square erection, with the conventional urn at each corner; an elaborate piece of carving in the form of drapery covers the top, and, as though to keep it secure, a stone pyramid rests upon it. This is the tomb of Edmund Waller: "*Edmundi Waller hic jacet id quantum morti cessit*;" and so on through many words of Latin on each of the four sides of the stone. We are told how he was a poet and a statesman, and when he was born and when he died, and much else — all in a very laudatory style, of course. The stately tree above the grave seems to make this unsightly tomb more commonplace than it would otherwise seem, and the conventional description more uninteresting than such descriptions usually are. So one soon turns away to seek in the church the memorial to Burke. On the south wall a small oval tablet of marble is

all that records his grave, as well as that of his son and of his brother.

Near this place
Lies interred
All that was mortal of the
Rt. Honorable EDMUND BURKE,
Who died 9th July, 1797.

This is all that is said of this famous man; but it is more telling in its plain simplicity than the tomb of Waller, "with shapeless sculpture decked" and unimpressive words.

The site of Burke's country home may be seen here, though nothing of Gregories is now standing but the stables. As we walk down the road to Penn, and note the distant woodlands and the high tableland on which among pleasant little valleys Beaconsfield stands, we cannot be surprised at the love that Burke bore for his home. Half a mile down the road a common iron gate on the left gives admittance to a pleasant grass field with hedgerows studded with elms and oaks. The roadway across it is still firm and well gravelled, though quite overgrown with herbage, and is doubtless the drive which at one time led to Gregories. At the further end of another meadow are the remains of Burke's home, with a wide prospect of sloping fields broken by wooded hedgerows and masses of timber. But the stables are the only building to be seen. In their best days they were an ugly red-brick structure; now to unsightliness is added the desolation of decay; windows are falling in, ceilings are tumbling down. A little to the south-west seem to be the remains of the house, now no more than grass-covered mounds. The houses of Beaconsfield are seen among the trees; there is a view of fields and of trees towards Hedgerley; while if the atmosphere be clear the outline of the Berkshire hills is visible. The grounds were once surrounded by a haw-haw, whilst a narrow wood full of nettles and shrubs, and noticeable for a fine cedar which doubtless was once an ornament of the grove, marks the shade in which Burke was wont to stroll with the friends

he collected here. The quietness of the spot, with no sound to disturb it save the cooing of a wild pigeon in the branches of the elms, makes more vivid by its contrast the life which once animated the scene. There was not only the bustle of a large household of active rural work, but of the going and coming, the thinking and talking, of the first men of the day. Where we now stroll under the trees or watch the sunlight on the distant woods Johnson used to walk with Burke; here Fox would commune with him, and here would Garrick and Reynolds rest from their work. The form of Burke is so much grander than that of Waller, that when we leave Gregories there is little inclination to walk through the park at Hall Barns (the gates of which are close to Beaconsfield) and see the site of Waller's home. There was a fine house in the days of Charles I.; there is a fine house, built in 1712, now. It was what is called a county mansion then; it is the same now. The family of Waller had owned Hall Barns long before Edmund Waller came into the world; he died a century before Burke, but years after Gregories was burnt and in ruins Hall Barns was still owned by Wallers. Burke dropped by accident, as it were, into this fair English county—he bought Gregories in 1769; here he mused and wrote, rested and entertained his friends, watched the political movements of the world, and experimentalized on oats and cattle. Here he died; the property was sold in 1812, and Beaconsfield knew no more the name of Burke.

It is at any time pleasant to spend a leisure hour on these fresh Buckinghamshire uplands, among the rich beech woods and the wild flowers and the copses which clothe the "bottoms." It is well to stay for a short while by the walnut-tree which shades the grave of the author of "Go, lovely rose," and to look back to the time of which he was in many ways so thorough a representative. And a walk among Burke's neglected woods, about what was once "a place exceeding pleasant," as he himself described it, will bring a great man nearer to us.